FOR FAMILY USE.

NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:—

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1880.

Being a *grandfather*, with four active grandchildren who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the **Hercules Glue** to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.

WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES.

Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

—:o:—

HE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.

518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, *November* 30, 1880.

We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.

J. T. STONE, *Manager.*

—:o:—

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 30, 1880.

We have tested the **Hercules Glue,** and, for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without *clamping* or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.

A. F. OLD.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 8, 1880.

My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue.** I have found it particularly useful for attaching *rubber to wood,* for the purpose of printing on blocks; and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps.

Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide,

I Remain, yours truly,

JAMES P. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 9, 1889.

We cheerfully attest to the merit of **Hercules Glue.** Its exactly what we need,—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not mould. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules.** It alone does all that is claimed for it. W. do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it.

SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street

—:o:—

November 29, 1880

Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength —a paragon in usefulness.

A. C. GAW.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 10, 1880.

Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.

Yours Truly,

E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan'ry* 21, 1881.

Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.

THOMAS W. STUCKY,
57 North Seventh Street.

—:o:—

NEW YORK, *January* 25, 1881.

Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules,** I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectually.

Truly Yours,

DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *March 7th,* 1881.

I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening. Glass in Bronzed and Nickelplated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others.

THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

—:o:—

Among the many advantages it has over all othes preparations, the most important is, that

☞ **IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS** ☜

without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Crockery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail price, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,
Wholesale Agents
NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway,)
New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S

SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of $5,000 *a year, and who invested less than* $350 *of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING I DID."*

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from **$2** to **$80.** The price for one inch one month in the entire list is **$625.** The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are **$2,980.14.** The list includes **952** newspapers of which **187** are issued **DAILY** and **765 WEEKLY.** They are located in **788** different cities and towns, of which **26** are State Capitals, **363** places of over **5,000** population, and **468** County Seats. For copy of List and other information address

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1881. NUMBER 42.

POETRY.

Starving the Parson.

I've been thinking, Isabella, while milking the cows to-night,
There is something queer about it, and something a'nt just right,
There is Dun, and Bet, and Red, they three hardly fill the pail,
And Beauty and Brindle are shrinking, 'pears like they will fail,
And the feed is getting short, and the pasture's crisp and dry,
And all this just at the time cheese is so very high.
It looks like now we shan't make scarce a single cent this year,
When you know with no more cows, we've made a thousand a year.
You remember when our minister, the good old parson P.,
Used to call around often—I always gave him a V.
Some times when more than common blest I used to give an X,
For we made money fast, Issie, with no loss to perplex.
Our minister now is earnest, and preaches like a saint,
But when the Stewards talk of pay, I feel so queer and faint,
For everything is dried so, the cows a'nt doing well,
And the crops are so awful short we shan't have much to sell.
I'd made up my mind that this year I wouldn't pay a cent,
But when he preached last Sunday—I'd money I hadn't lent,
Before I fairly knew it I slip'd a five from the pile,
And gave it for that sermon—and you ought to see him smile.
But on looking over my money, according to my count
I'm short just that sum to a cent to make the full amount
That neighbor A wants to borrow, and give a special rate,
And he offers to give a mortgage on his real estate,
And I am quite sure it must be sold at no distant day,
And then we will own that farm too, that's just across the way.
But the parson's got the money and I am so much out,
But I must have the mortgage, and some way bring it about.
And after this I'll just wait to cool, when I feel warmed up to pay,
And perhaps the safer way will be just to stay away.
For I've learned one's feelings is a mighty ticklish thing,
Especially when the parson soars on his loftiest wing.
I somehow catch the spirit, and it sort of lifts me, too,
So I forgot to *reckon the interest* on what I do.
So I've been thinking, Issie, we'd save the greater sum
To let the team stay in the pasture and I stay to hum.

I have been listening John to what you have had to say,
Till the boys have finished milking, and drove the cows to pasture;
The milk is at the factory, and the day's work is done,
And it isn't very late, for there is an hour yet by sun,
And I have time and a mind to have a little say
About the delicate subject—the parson and his pay,
It seems from what you have said, John, that when paid so free,
The money just came pouring, and so it seemed to me,
And I've a sort of a notion that scripture has it best,
That scattering is increasing, and giving shall be blest;
That to be mean and stingy, and to grudgingly withhold,
Rather tends to poverty than to laying up of gold;
So now just let me give you a little bit of advice—
Don't keep back the salary, you had better pay it twice;
For what would our land be worth if there wasn't no parson round,
There would be right smart falling off in value I'll be bound,
Then the soul, you know, is worth more than cows or cheese,
More than all our wordly gain, or our wordly hopes or ease;
And then bye and bye, for we are getting on toward old,
We will want a parson when our funeral bell is tolled.
So I think we'd best go to church, just as we used to do,
And take the wallet along and pay the salary too;
For if we shouldn t count so much interest at six or seven.
We'll be very sure to have more treasure laid up in heaven.

Boys catch the horses early, for mother's right, I suppose,
And when breakfast and prayers are done,
Bring out the Sunday clothes. ***

STORY TELLER.

THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charlie, you'll be sure to remember ?"

"To remember—what ?" said Mr. Meredith, with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance. Kate Meredith dropped both hands despairingly at her sides.

"Charlie !" she exclaimed. "you don't mean that you have forgotten already ?"

"My dear," said Mr. Meredith, fumbling in the depths of his overcoat pocket for a missing glove, "I may not have forgotten—but I don't exactly remember."

"The oysters !" suggested his wife.

"Oh, yes, the oysters," said Meredith.

"And the two ounces of double zephyr scarlet wood."

"Exactly."

"And the depot hack to be in waiting at two o'clock for your cousin from Philadelphia."

"Mr. Meredith slapped one hand on the other. "She is coming to-day, I declare to goodness !" he ejaculated.

"And a dozen Havana oranges for dessert, and two pounds of white grapes and some of these delicious little Naples biscuit and maccaroons —oh, and, let them send up a girl from St. Clairs."

"A— which ?"

"A girl, you goose. For general housework. Phebe went home this morning with faceache, and I can't be left alone with company coming and all. Mind she's a cook and understands waiting at table."

And Mr. Meredith rushed off to catch the 9:30 express, with a kaleidescopic confusion of grapes, zephyr, wool, depot, hacks, oysters and servant maids careering through his brain, which boded ill for Mrs. Meredith's domestic plans.

While that lady, clasping both hands over her head in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good looking young man of two or three and twenty was on his knees in front of the range trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn.

"Well ?" said he.

"Tom," cried she hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad ?"

"Like a book," said Tom.

"And coffee?"

"I learned in Paris."

"Good. And I can make buttermilk biscuit—and between us, we can get up a descent lunch for a young lady from Philadelphia. As for dinner—"

"Well?" again remarked the young man with the soot-besmudged nose.

"Providence must provide," sighed the matron.

"There's an old chintz-colored rooster in the barnyard. If I could catch him, I'd have a chicken-stew."

"Tom, did you ever make a chicken stew ?"

"No."

"Then you do not know what you are talking about," said the lady, with some asperity.

"Yes I do, too. Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley with a pinch of salt and—"

"Nonsense !" interposed Mrs. Meredith. "Go pick that lobster out of its shell, and leave off romancing. You are a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen, though to be sure," with a twinge of conscience, "goodness knows what I should do without you just at this particular emergency, you dear old darling."

The lobster was only half picked out of its shell, the buttermilk biscuit was still unmixed, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket-handkerchief tied around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing-room, when there came a ring at the door-bell. She put her turbaned head out of the window in a most unceremonious manner.

"Who is there ?" she demanded in a high contralto.

"Does Mrs. Meredith live here ?" retorted a woman's voice. And at the same instant the young matron caught sight of a neat black leather bag, a black alpaca dress, and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.

"It's the new girl, thank providence ?" said Mrs. Meredith, as she ran down the stairs, thanking honest Charlie in her heart for his unexpected promptitude.

"Come in," said she, opening the door, wide. "I am so glad you are punctual, my good girl. From the Clair's Intelligence Bureau, I suppose. No, don't take off your things up here; the servant's room is below the stairs; you may as well come directly down to the kitchen."

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore a rather bewildered expression.

"What is your name?" she asked, patronizingly.

"My name? Oh, it's Martha," replied the stranger, in some confusion.

"Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Meredith. "What an ugly name. I think I shall call you Pattie. Have you good references ?"

"I—believe."

"I think," said Mrs. Meredith, surveying her from tip to toe, "you are a little over-dressed for your situation Pattie; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk, when it comes ?"

The stranger lifted a pair of grave blue eyes to the tall form, girded round with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster at the table beyond.

"Do you keep a man cook ?" asked the girl.

Mrs. Meredith drew herself up. "Certainly not. This is my brother, Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad."

"But he is not doing right. He will never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you, Mr. Selwyn."

And with her deft fingers she loosened the luscious white fibre from the scarlet shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry "Bravo !"

"And now, Pattie, I will show you where the things are, and leave you to get up as nice a lunch as you can for 2:30 o'clock; we are expecting my husband's cousin from Philadelphia. I went everything in perfect order."

"I will finish the salad," said Tom, who had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new domestic, "now that I have commenced it. But you need not look perturbed, Pattie, if that is your name. I will be careful not to get in your way. And you ask my sister if I am not a handy sort of a fellow around the kitchen."

Kate shook her head surreptitously at Tom behind the screen, but he resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture.

Half an hour afterward he came up to the dining room, where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac and gold china.

"Kate, she is a jewel. A gem of the first water! Depend upon it, she has not always worked in the kitchen. I quoted Shakespeare, apropos of something or other, I do not remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once—her eyes brightened, and you should have seen the color come into her cheeks."

"Quoting Shakespeare to a common kitchen girl !" cried Mrs. Meredith, in amazement.

"But I tell you, she is not a common kitchen girl."

"I don't believe in high life below stairs," said his sister disdainfully.

The lunch came up at 2:30 in perfect order, but no cousin from Philadelphia arrived, no hack rolled up to the door.

"How provoking !" said Kate. "Miss Meredith must have missed some connecting train. Charlie will be so vexed. But, however, I do not so much mind company coming in at any time, now that I have got an excellent girl."

The dinner of delicately roasted quails and rabbit fricassed, with a desert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely 7 o'clock, at which hour Mr. Meredith pounced in, hot and flushed with the haste he had made.

"Where is she?"

"Where is who !" cried Kate.

"My cousin from Philadelphia,"

"Oh ! She has not come."

"Not come?"

"No."

Mr. Meredith drew a sigh of mingled regret and relief.

"Then, after all, it is not so very unlucky," said he.

"What is not so unlucky? My dear Charles, you are expressing yourself altogether in riddles.

"That I forget all about the Oysters and the zephyr wool, and the servant girl.

"Forgot?"

"Yes—forget. Isn't that plain English?"

"But you did not forget," remonstrated Mrs. Meredith. "You sent her. She's here now in the kitchen."

Mr. Meredith stared. "I have sent no one. Never thought of the girl from that moment to this, I give you my word and honor."

"Then who did send her ?" ejaculated his wife slowly:

"Ring the bell ! Let us have her up. Who knows but she is one of those confidence women, with an eye to the forks and spoons !"

As he spoke he jerked the bell-cord with some energy. In a minute or so the new girl came up courtesying.

Mr. Meredith uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, it is Martha Meredith?" shouted he. "it is my cousin from Philadelphia."

And he clasped her in his arms with a shower of kisses which made honest Tom's hair stand on end.

"I wish she was my cousin from Philadelphia," uttered he in a stage whisper, aside.

Kate turned as scarlet as a pepper pod.

"Oh, good gracious !" she cried, clasping her little hands nervously, "and I took her for a cook."

"And I am cook when occasion requires, Cousin Kate," said pretty Martha Meredith making her peace with a kiss. "Do not be vexed at me for humoring the joke; indeed I could not help it. And I will show you how to make meringues glaces and the Neapolitan cremes to morrow."

And they all sat happily down together to the roast quails and fricassed rabbits. And Kate and Martha went to the international bureau on the morrow, established a Milesian damel in the kitchen, who was not at all incongruous in her surroundings, and Tom, leaning over his sister's shoulder, whispered waggishly:

"Did n't I tell you she was a gem of the first water?"

☞ A minister told the trustees of his chruch that be must have his money as his family was suffering.

"Money !" said one of the trustees; "you preach for money ? I though you preached for the good of souls." The minister replied: "I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

☞ Some females have just been arrested in Kentucky for the manufacture of illicit whisky. This is the first instance recorded of a woman keeping still.

Boys, Go Home.

Ah, boys ! you have gone out from the old homestead into the rush and bustle of life, do you ever think of the patient mothers who are stretching out to your arms, powerless to draw you back to the old home-nest ? Arms that were strong to carry you once, pressed closely to hearts that love you now as then. No matter though your hair is "silver streaked," you are only "the boys" so long as mother lives. You are the children of the old home. Nothing can crowd you out of mother's heart. You may have failed in the battle of life, and your manhood may have been crushed out against the wall of circumstances; you may have been prosperous and gained wealth and fame but mother's love has followed you always. Many a boy has not been home for five, ten or even twenty years. And all this time mothers has been waiting. Ah, who does not know the agony expressed by that word waiting ? She may be ever now saying, "I dreamt of John last night. May be he will come home to day. He may drop in for dinner;" and the poor, trembling hands prepare some favorite dish for him. Dinner comes and goes, but John comes not with it. Thus, day after day, month after month and year after year, passes, till at last, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," ay, sick unto death, the feeble arms are stretched out no longer. The dim eyes are closed, the grey hairs smoothed for the last time, and the tired hands are folded to everlasting rest, and mother waits no more on earth for one who comes not. God grant she may not have to wait as vainly for his coming in heaven.

Once more I say unto you, boys, go home, if only for a day. Let mother know you have not forgotten her. Her days may be numbered. "Next winter" may cover her grave with snow.

E Van Damme's Reply to Mr. "J. S."

MR. EDITOR:—I hope you will publish my remarks in your newspaper, where originated the paragraphic invective of Mr. James Sullivan, *ryan* to defend a certain party in *indirect* reply to my charges. I respectfully request of you to issue next time what *falsehoods* you may prove that I published, *together* with *substantial* proofs. Nor was it right, you did not abuse me *where* my charges originated. I do not care for any sort of linguistic nicety which you made so liberal use of; although I gladly, proudly, humbly (however strange and queer this phrase may look) do declare unto the world that you have exceeding more masterly, elegant and beautiful command of the English language than I have. *But* I do love the truth, its *material* self. You have called me a man of no common sense. Well, *that* meeting had *not the sense* to plead with the object of my charges, this was *as if* they all of one voice still encouraged and extolled him. Then I stood *alone* in my defence, with my head feeble with disease, which you all know and know. I do not care for my physical trouble, but do regard morality and its natural developments; not that I do not like that person, but I did (and still do) mean moral reform while I had no hope at all for his change of social relations which he *still and still* bears with *me, not* with *you.* To close, I cannot accept your compliment "the goody goody Ed. L. Van Damme," while you have insinuated that I made "bare-faced falsehoods."

Very Respectfully,

EDWARD L. VAN DAMME.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct., 13, 1881.

Reply to Hieronymus.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We have always entertained a high opinion of "Hieronymus;" but we must confess that the course lately pursued by him is so inconsistent with what we call "impartiality," which "strips the mind of prejudices and passion," that it can only be attributed to an almost insane ambition to crouch beneath the shadow of JOURNAListic fame, or to inducements to that effect. We wonder what makes him speak disparagingly of the "Chirological Lyceum" and its leader. At first he, as he alleges, assailed "Old Crow;" but he is attacking *both* that writer and his cherished Lyceum ! for who, after reading his ("H's") reply, denies that he dseaks ridiculously of them ? Since there is no *urgent* reason for stirring up such a feeling, except that he does not like to see the frequent appearances of that name, "Old Crow," or better known as "A Jolly Old Crow," in the JOURNAL, we feel inclined to believe that "Hieronymus" is in fear, on account of the increasing eminence the Lyceum happily enjoys. If he states the contrary, then it must be *petty jealousy* that gives rise to such consequences. Unfortunately the Clerc Literary Association, of which "H." is a prominent member, does not enjoy such fame as its comparatively young contemporary, the Lyceum, does, for we hardly know of what interest or use it may be to its members, for where is the "Clerc Literary and Beneficial Association ?"

In reply to "Hieronymus's" reply, we in return wish it distinctly understood that if we assail any thing at all, we mean more (for the present) to attack his unlaudable attempt to place "Old Crow" (and possibly, as evidenced by his reply, the Lyceum) in an embarrassing position. What makes him say that "Old Crow" belittles (?) the C. L. A. by simply recording the minutes of the Lyceum ? What an absurd idea it is that "Old Crow" is to blame, just because he mentions his own Lyceum so much, leaving the C. L. A. unmentioned !

While we frankly admit that the C. L. A. is much older than the Lyceum, we emphatically declare—as a presentation of fact to the world—that the Lyceum offers much better chances for literary, intellectual and moral culture. Thank God that the C. L. A. can not claim this superiority, for "Hieronymus" himself has asked: "Why does not the association (referring to the C. L. A.) provide opportunities and insist on its members to participate in debates and declamations ?"

Speaking of the "Lyceum vessel" with its small but heavy crew, launching and sailing upon the sea, he ("H.") says that it may eventually sink never to rise, *on the simple ground* (!) that "Old Crow" mentions it so much. But what authority has he for such a prophetic statement ? Does Neptune Authorize him to overwhelm ships ? Does he make him powerful over seas ? Will "H." dare to disorder heaven and the earth without his divine consent ?

"Hieronymus" seems to question a safe welcome from the Lyceum, when the correspondent of that item invited him to enjoy the honors of a "seat of dignity." Why ! Because he dares not encounter the consequences of telling the truth (?) which he should do, according to the principles of morality ? He has studied Moral Philosophy, and we advise him to "Reputation." Behold, readers, he has never witnessed a *single* meeting of the "Chirological Lyceum" *with his own eyes !* Therefore is he the authority for such statements as he has made ?

In conclusion, we are constrained to say that the course which "Hieronymus" has seen fit to pursue, finds its most forcible condemnation in his duty *as a teacher.* DEFENDER.

The Salem Society's Defence

In the JOURNAL of September 29th, there appeared an article in rdgard to the Lynn, Mass., Deaf-Mute Society and the Bay State Mission as having neglected the Lynn Society. All of which I pronounce a gross misrepresentation of the two points of the case and the writer of that article in all probability knew he was not telling the truth. The organization of the Lynn Society was brought about by Rev. Samuel Rowe who feels much hurt if he is not always addressed as Reverend. Two if not more of the Lynn Committee knew all about Salem efforts in behalf of its neighbor, Beverly, and how frequently Mr. Packard, Pastor of the Salem Society had been there in his official capacity and how deeply interested he is in the work. The truth is Mr. Packard was asked by Rev. Mr. Rowe to deliver a discourse before the Lynn Society not clearly understanding Mr. Rowe's letter he wrote him making many inquiries to this. Mr. Rowe did not reply but at once obtained what assistance he needed from the Industrial Home, and the writer of that article is one of the persons connected with that Institution and what he wrote was intended to puff up the Reverend Rowe at the expense of Mr. Packard and his society towards whom he has not a very brotherly feeling. Had the Lynn Committee called on the Salem Society for any assistance or ever hinted that an occasional service would be acceptable I have no doubt that arrangements would have been made looking to that result. In regard to the Bay State Mission, as soon as it was generally known Lynn had formed a society the President of the Mission visited them and spoke encouragingly to them and told them that whenever they had no one to officiate to then he would be pleased to send some one from the mission froely. This was kindly received and the Committee informed Mr. Lynde they would speak to their manager about it who is the Rev. Samuel Rowe, but nothing was heard from him instead a report was started by one of the Lynn Committee, who by the way is not at all intellectually fitted for the position, that Mr. Lynde had been interfering with their affairs. Nothing was further from his intentions, which were from the best motives.

NITA,

FANWOOD.

How the New York School Progresses.

NOTES AT RANDOM.

Personals, Etc.

(*From our New York Correspondent.*)

The young ladies's croquet ground which has been lying in an unoccupied state ever since the JOURNAL comps bade *adieu* to it at the opening of school, was again made use of Saturday, the 8th. Having received the consent of the Superintendent, of course they accepted with pleasure, and the afternoon was spent in the most pleasant way possible.

Prof. Gamage, while on his way to the city last Saturday, lost a pair of fine gloves, an intended present to his sister.

On Thursday, the 13th. Dr. Peet introduced the course of reading, known as the "Chautauqua Course," among us. He said he wanted as many of the advanced pupils and teachers as possible to join this useful Club. He said that it only took four hours a week to read a book through in one year, and that those finishing the course at the end of four years, would receive a diploma. He also said that a great many ladies and gentlemen all over the country take this course. The reason of introducing this course among us, he said, was to help us form the habit of reading. The advanced pupils seemed delighted with the idea, and readily put down their names. The books will be got at the expense of the Institution, and we hope, before many years go by, this habit of reading good, sensible books, will cause Fanwood to be able to boast of more intelligent young men and ladies than she ever before had at one time.

Joseph Miller, who for some unreasonable cause, ran away a short time ago, was brought back again, and is at present resuming his studies under the care of Mr. C. Q. Mann.

We received visits from a number of graduates last week. They all nearing good spirits. Some while walking near the Elevated railroad near 155th St. last week, saw a pocket book fall from a passing car and picked it up. After a little trouble he found the owner, who accepted it "with thanks." The book was quite heavy.

Hiram West was up here again last week. He brought with him more needles and made rapid sales.

On Thursday, the 13th inst., Albert Ballin, the well known semi-mute artist, paid his *Alma Mater* a visit. He, together with Wallace F. Howell, a supervisor, accompanied the Evangeline crew to Fort Lee. When they got to the Park they were disappointed to find the hotels closed for the season. Mr. Howell, who was formerly captain of the boat for two years, was coxswain, but although he has not been in the boat for three years, he managed it with much skill. They had a time which will not soon be forgotten.

The Resolute Boat Club, which numbers as members some of the officers connected with the Institution, held its annual Ragetta last Saturday,

The boys, who were eager to witness that exciting event, gathered themselves on the dock near the club house.

"Evangeline" was not forgotten on the occasion, and she was pulled about by a strong and experienced crew.

At two o'clock the steamer "Fort Lee" arrived at the dock near the club house, and was then well-filled with spectators.

There were races—the first was between Walter B. Peet, son of the Principal of our Institution, and another gentleman of his match. The race course was from Manhattanville to the club house, a distance of one mile. The race was completed, but we are sorry to say Walter was a loser this time by about five lengths.

The next race between C. M. Smith, the Institution clerk, and another young fellow, and was won by the former very easily by about four lengths.

The most exciting race on the occasion was the one by four canoes with sails.

A two-oared shell race came next. F. D. Clarke and W. B. Peet rowed together against two others, but lost.

The eight oared boat race was won bp the crew which were mostly connected with the Institution.

The affair was very interesting as well as exciting, and the winners of each race was presented with an elegant gold medal.

Another croquet party of both sexes was held on Saturday last, and was much enjoyed by all who used the mallet.

The friends of "Hen Quill" are anxious to know when he is going to return. They think he has stayed away long enough. TIRKY QUILL.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 20, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

MUTILATED COIN.

WAR has been declared on mutilated coin. All of our readers should be careful when accepting change that no one palms off a coin on to them that has a hole in it or is mutilated in any way whatever. Respectable dealers in any business will refuse such coin if tendered for its face value face. A twenty-five cent piece with a hole punched through it will hardly pass for twenty cents anywhere in New York. The number of coins mutilated and punched every year reaches an enormous aggregate, and consequently entails great loss on the nation. In order to prevent this the present war on mutilated coin has been begun.

We believe this little piece of caution is not unnecessary and that a good many dollars will be saved to deaf-mutes by it. One or two cases have come under our notice already, where deaf-mutes have been obliged to give coin at a discount of about twenty per cent from its nominal value.

If the coin is only worn and has not been cut or punched it is worth its face value as long as the value stamped on it can be deciphered. The government does not refuse the full face equivalent for worn coin.

that has a hole through it or has been clipped, no matter how small either mutilation may be.

New Jersey Mission.

We are requested to state that the Rev. H. W. Syle has found it impracticable to arrange for services in Southern New Jersey yet, for the reason that he knows of only a few deaf mutes there. He will be glad to make arrangements as soon as he is informed of a suitable number anywhere in Bishop Scarborough's diocese, that is, in and South of Elizabeth. The Northern part of the State is a separate diocese, under Bishop Starkey, and is under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, who will, it is expected, visit Newark monthly.

The Bishop and Clergy are ready to welcome the deaf to their churches, *if they will make themselves known to them or to the missionary.*

For instance, the rector of a church in Trenton wrote Mr. Syler under date of Sept. 29th, as follows:

"I shall be very happy to have you visit my parish for the purpose proposed, although I tell you frankly beforehand that I am afraid it is not worth the trouble, as the only deaf-mutes I have ever heard of as resident in Trenton or in the neighborhood during the eight years I have lived here are two small children. Once or twice a deaf-mute has come to the Rectory for assistance with letters from Dr. Gallaudet, *en route* for some other place but that is all."

Judging by the Census of 1881, at the rate of one deaf-mute in 1,500 Population, it is estinated there are 358 deaf mutes in the 14 counties forming the diocese of (Southern) New Jersey. But excluding pupils, and those who live so near Philadelphia as to attend services there regularly, Mr. Syle has the names of only 36, or only *one in ten.* He therefore respectfully repeats his request that persons interested will kindly send to him at 2206 Wallace street, Philadelphia, the name and residence of every deaf-mute they know, (noting especially the *uneducated*) in the following counties of New Jersey, viz: Atlantic, Burlington, Camden, Cape May, Cumberland, Gloucester, Hunterdon, Mercer, Middlesex, Monmouth, Ocean, Salem, Somerset and Union.

NOTICE.

Deaf-mutes of Newark, N. J., and vicinity are invited to attend services in Trinity Mission Chapel on Sunday, October 23d. There will be morning prayer with the Holy Communion at 10:30 A.M., and a service with sermon in the sign-language at 4 P.M.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

James C. Harlan has returned to Woodland, Cal.

B. T. Hines is a deaf-mute shoemaker, in Kingston, Canada.

H. C. Valentine will not return to school again, according to a friend of his.

Are the New York deaf-mutes going to have a grand ball during the coming winter?

A hot time is anticipated at the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association this evening.

I. N. Soper, of New York City, had a valuable silver watch stolen from his pocket Saturday evening last.

Mr. George W. Bingaman, of Harrisburg, Pa., is doing well. He says he likes to read the JOURNAL, which he receives regularly.

R. D. Livingstone was in Philadelphia on the 10th and 12th and afterwards in St. Louis, on his way to Kansas City and Denver.

Harry M. Powell, of Elizabethport, N. J., passed Sunday last at the residence of Mr. Frank Roberts, of Washington Heights, N. Y.

Mr. Josiah Quincy called at the home of Mrs. H. G. Moody, in Lebanon Centre, Me., about three Sundays ago. He was very pleasant company.

Thomas W. Solomon and family have left Baltimore and taken up their residence in Washington, D. C. They are living at 219 Eighth St., S. E.

Charles H. Sharrar and Daniel Paul, Jr. are working in the shoe-manufactory of Nahm Bros., and are doing well. They are very industrious and respectable fellows in the city of Philadelphia.

J. E. Tuttle, of Rockford, Ill., has "gone West," not to "grow up with the country," but to bring home his wife and children, who have been spending the summer with her aged parents in Nebraska.

MRS. H. G. Moody, of Lebanon, Centre, Me., did not attend the Bartlett Memorial Convention, as was erroneously stated. She was present at the Auburn Convention on August 27th, and thinks it was very good.

The William E. Smith Association, of New York City, will hold a dancing entertainment at 611 Fulton Street, on December 12th next. A cordial invitation to attend has been extended to the deaf-mutes of New York City and vicinity.

Miss "Sadie" Howard has returned to town from Saratoga Springs where she has been the guest of Miss Annie Putnam feeling all the better for having tasted and tested not only the world renowned Springs, but also the frivolities which surround that gay watering-place.

Mr. Thomas B. Harris, of New Orleans, La., wants the addresses of two or three of the best deaf-mute Crayon and Pastel artists of New York City. Will those who represent this line of art send addresses to the JOURNAL and they will be forwarded to Mr. Harris. Business is his motive for wanting the addresses.

Mr. Franklin Campbell, sergeant-at-arms of the Manhattan Literary Association, will deliver a lecture on Thursday, Oct. 20th, the subject of his lecture is unknown, but will be found to be interesting. So the friends of the knights of Manhattan with their ladies and sweethearts are respectfully invited to attend.

Mrs. J. B. Foster of South Coventry, Ct., has recently received a large photograph of a nice homestead view from her brother, Frank P. Bartlett in Nottingham, N. H. She was agreably surprised by getting a present of a handsome camp rocking-chair for her birthday on the 8th of October from her children.

Mr. John W. Hess, who has been living in Maryland for six years, was in Harrisburg, Pa., lately. He met Mr. G. W. Bingaman and had a talk about Baltimore. Mr. Hess was in Mechanicsburg, Carlisle, Chambersburg and Newville, Pa., but did not see any deaf-mutes. He is a shoemaker and was educated at the Philadelphia Institution. George W. Bingaman was his classmate.

Mr. H. Humphrey Moore, the celebrated deaf-mute artist, lost a painting valued at $20,000 and over 300 sketches, by the recent fire on Fourth Avenue, New York. He had them stored in the Morrell storehouse which was burned in connection with the stables of the Fourth Avenue Horse Car Railroad. Mr. Moore and wife only reached New York from Japan about two weeks ago.

John Q. Hahn arrived at Philadelphia from Pittsburg and Clarion County, in the State of Pennsylvania, about three weeks ago, and looked well. He was pleased to meet and see the deaf-mutes again, after an absence of three months. He had a nice trip to the country to see his relatives and brother in Clarion Co., Pa., last summer. He is a book compositor, and is doing well in the city of Philadelphia.

A correspondent wishes to thank "Defender for his words of encouragement to Mr. William H. Lipsett, and would also like to ask him if he thinks that "Hieronymous" is right in making such base attacks upon Mr. Lipsett, as have appeared in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL several times of late. He would also like to hear from "Defender" through the JOURNAL, and hopes that he will give "Hieronymus" such a thrashing with his pen, as will forever silence his haughty tongue, and make hm crawl into the bushes for the sake of his own self-respect.

J. Cotter will return to school as soon as he gets a new suit of clothes.

Mr. L. H. Van Valen has moved from La Prairie, Wis., to Shopiere, a few miles from Delavan.

If any of our readers know the address of David Broker, they will confer a favor by sending it to the JOURNAL.

Michael McFaul, who has been in Chicago for the past six or seven months, returned to New York City two weeks ago.

There was a very large number of mutes present at the meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association last week.

Miss Ruthie Wright, one of the pupils at the Wisconsin Institution, spent part of her vacation with Miss Dora Andrews, at her pleasant home, in Shawno, and reports a "delightful time."

F. S. Hutson, of Janesville, has left the employ of the Wisconsin Shoe Company, and resumed his old trade, and finds the change, financially better. Frank is still fishing in the matrimonial sea.

R. A. Gelder has a shoe shop in Williams, Ia. He also carries on business as a barber. He was in Lena, Ill., last September visiting relatives. While in Lena he met a deaf-mute named Herman Reider, who owns a shoe shop there. Mr. Reider is unmarried and was educated at the Philadelphia and Illinois institutions.

Mr. John Hogan, who was lately admitted as member of the Manhattan Lit. Association, was elected Secretary over two other members and when the president announced to the members. Mr. Hogan's election there was tremendous applause. Mr. Hogan was once Secretary during the last trial of one of its members and has served faithfully, and now as he has just been elected to the same position he held before.

David B. Glenn, of Carlisle, Pa., was in New York City last week. He visited the JOURNAL office on Thursday last, and the Manhattan Literary Association in the evening. He was acquainted with but two deaf-mutes upon his arrival in the city, but before he left he made numerous acquaintances. He said he would attend service at St. Ann's Church before he went home. He left Monday last.

On Monday evening, Oct. 10th, 1881, a birthday party took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stein, in honor of Mrs. Stein's birthday, only a few invited guests were present, and after having a pleasant time, were called out to a bountiful coallation that awaited them. And when all was over, assembled in the parlor where they talked over old times. Mrs. Stein who is still young, has the many wishes for a long and happy life.

The Rev. Job Turner at last started for his southern field. He paid his respects to the Rev. W. W. Turner and visited the Hartford School about ten minutes last Monday afternoon New Haven, Ct., held a combined service in St. Johns' before a good number of deaf-mutes that night; and left that city for Washington and Yorktown at 11.40, P.M., expecting to reach the latter place late Tuesday night or early the next morning to meet a number of deaf-mutes there.

Mr. Alden F. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., writes:—"On the 4th inst,, Mr. Henry A. Jellison, a young deaf-mute of Newton, Mass., spent very much. His trade is repairing boots and shoes on his own hook and he is doing very well. He is very pleasant to talk with.

"Miss Alice Forbes, a deaf-mute lady of Sherborn, Mass., went to the Hartford School last Saturday to stay for some years, for the purpose of getting more education." She graduated from the Nort hampton School some years ago."

On the night of the 13th inst., the deaf-mutes, with three exception, of Worcester, went out in an omnibus to Westboro, eight and half miles to a Husking Parly, at Mr. J. O. Sanger, instead of at Mr. John Trask, Jr's., for something prevented by sickness. The names of the mutes are as follows:—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe and Messrs. S. F. Wheeler, Geo. L. Miller, Henry M. Howe, John McGinnis and Thomas Collins, of Jeffersonville, and Misses Alice L. Houghton and Abbie L. Chaffin, of Holden, and Mrs. Geo. L. Burrucker and Miss Maggie Reckie, of Clinton. They enjoyed a very pleasant time. Supper was served very abundantly at two o'clock A. M. They reached their homes at six o'clock in the morning.

They Wouldn't Interview.

He was rather of an inquisitive turn of mind, owing, no doubt, to the fact of his once having occupied the position of reporter on a daily journal, and standing on the depot platform yesterday at noon as the 12:35 train arrived from the North, he noticed a car filled with smiling young people of both sexes. Thinking it might be an excursion or Sunday school picnic, he stepped up to young man who was standing on the platform, and tapping him on he shoulder, inquired:

"Where are you fellows going?"

The person addressed merely smiled, and continued gazing in the direction of the court house.

Thinking the gentleman might be a little deaf, he spoke again, this time with considerable force:

"Where is this crowd bound for?"

Still no answer. By this time our interrogator began to get riled, and as he walked away he muttered to himself: "Well, he is an impudent cuss to say the least."

Addressing another member of the party our knight of the quill said:

"Say, my friend, where did this party come from?"

A vacant stare was all he received.

"I should judge from the actions of this crowd they had just escaped from a deaf and dumb asylum," thought our reporter, as he passed on to a third party, determining not to relinquish the search for knowledge if he had to interview the whole crowd.

The next member of the party accosted had evidently met a fiend of the pencil before, as the moment his eyes rested on the ink-slinger he began to throw his arms about in the wildest manner and saw the air as though he was personating John B. Gough in the delirinm tremens. He never uttered a sound but continued his antics until our reporter began to despair of ever getting away alive. He had just made up his mind to cry for help. when a gentleman standing near, and seeing the danger, came to his rescue, and satisfied his curiosity by informing him that it was a special car carrying the scholars of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Delavan to their destination.

Our ink-slinger felt like kicking himself to death for abusing the poor, harmless creatures, but he don't want to interview a deaf and dumb crowd again very soon.

Mr. John Lewis, of Philadelphia, is called "Uncle Sam," because he is tall and witty.

There is a deaf-mute working in the Borden Condensed Milk Factory, of Montgomery Co., New York.

Eddie Dunlap is employed in a glass factory, in the "City of Churches." His wages are high. Must stick to his job.

Mr. M. E. Cogswell, of Wayne Co., N. Y., is visiting the Koffmans in Walden, N. Y. He is a graduate of the New York Institution.

Mr. George W. Schutt will hold service for deaf-mutes in the Church of Christ, Troy, N. Y., on the 23d inst., at two o'clock P.M.

Charles Lawton, of Great Valley, was at the Rochester Fair last week. He said he was pleased to visit that city for the first time.

Mrs. Sadie Lounsbury, of Brooklyn, is now a guest of her mother-in-law at West Farms, N. Y., where she expects to remain for some days.

Mr. Augustus Putt, of High Spire, Pa., has a fine brick house three stories high with nine rooms. He would be glad to have some of his old Phila. classmates visit him.

Miss Mary L. Lockwood, who left old Fanwood some years ago, is in Sharon Springs, N. Y. She is a relative of Alexander Dezendorf and Mrs. Emily Keilt, of Brooklyn.

Mr. John D. Zeigler, of Philadelphia, is an intelligent member of the Young Men's Christian Association Lyceum. He an Ex-President of the Clerc Literary Association.

An uncle of Mr. Martin Fortescue, of Philadelphia, is the Mayor of Leavenworth, Kansas. He has been elected three times, He is a Republican, and has proven a very good Mayor.

Miss Leiby, of Wrightsville, Pa., attended the festival of the M. E. Church, last Friday and Saturday. She wishes to know if Miss Renner is at School, as she would like to hear from her.

Last Monday, John A. Lounsbury, of Brooklyn, and Alexander Dezendorf, spent that day at High Bridge as Blue Monday. They expected to get chestnuts, but found them all gone from the trees.

Mr. Martin Fortescue, of Philadelphia, is the lady-reader at St. Stephen's Church in that city. He is greatly improving in his office, and delivers himself gracefully in the sign-language. We understand it clearly.

The wife and son of the mute, George Sword, who was arrested for soliciting aid for Guiteau, were seen asking the ticket agent of the Pennsylvania & Cumberland Valley Railroad for free passes. They were refused.

There is a deaf-mute in Wrightsville, Pa., named Caroline Hilt. She is fifty-two years old and does not understand the signs well. She seldom talks to Miss Leiby, of that place. She lives with her sister and brother-in-law.

The letters and contributions of Mr. William H. Lipsett, of Philadelphia, to the JOURNAL are interesting to many readers, and it is hoped that he will continue to favor us with many more of his interesting and valuable articles.

Mrs. A. A. Brown, of Belfast, Me., is glad that the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission is a success. Her husband keeps a shoe shop on his own hook, and is doing well. He expects lightning and thunder among the New England mutes before long.

The friends of Mr. John Q. Hahn, of Phila- He has been traveling for some months in Pennsylvania. His appearance has been much improved by his trip, and has gained weight. His face is of a dark brown color.

Mr. Oakes, of Philadelphia, is employed in a segar factory. Mr. Oakes says last week a deaf-mute woman, who gave her name as Miss Mary Morse, entered the factory to sell small alphabet cards. She succeeded in selling sixty of them. She said she graduated from the New York School.

A correspondent writes:—"Byron A. Brown, of South Newburgh, Me., after taking the office of treasurer last August, for one year, says he is not treasurer, as the bank books and money belonging to the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission are not in his hands. Then the ex-treasurer went home and sent the bank books and money to another man for Byron. But the man is keeping them himself."

Mr. E. D. Wilson, of Philadelphia, informs one of our reporters, of that city, that Mr. Bailey, of Newark, N. J., was in Philadelphia for several days recently, and visited the Young Men's Christian Association Lyceum and the Clerc Literary Association. Mr. Bailey asked Mr. Wilson if he would lend him two dollars, and said that his father would send Mr. Wilson a draft. Mr. Wilson lent him the money, but has not heard from him since. It is thought Mr. Bailey is a swindler.

Last week, Mr. Martin Fortescue, of Philadelphia, made a visit to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in New York City. He also visited the City, for a few days. He was greatly pleased with the elevated Railroads and electric lights. He wished greatly to have these improvements introduced into Philadelphia. Electric lights are in use in some parts of Philadelphia and we believe that Chestnut street will soon be lit up from end to end, with this modern and improved illumination, which, probably, at no distant day, will supersede the use of gas.

Mr. A. Witmyer, of Lancaster, Pa., has set up in business for himself, as a wheelwright. He has a nice shop on Market street, close to the leading hotels and carriage and harness makers from whom he gets a steady supply of work, as he is well known as an excellent workman. One of his former employers declared that he could turn out more first class carriage parts in a week than any other workman. He has the best wishes of his many friends, including all who have enjoyed the hospitality of his esteemed sister and brother-m-law—Mr. and Mrs. John P. Swarr.

A Deaf-Mute Candidate for Register of Wills.

The Republican Convention of Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, at South Whitehall, on Saturday, October 8th, nominated by acclamation Mr. Joseph Saeger, of Allentown, for Register of Wills. Mr. Saeger is a brother of Mr. Edwin Saeger, who is earnest and prominent in church matters among the deaf in Lehigh county, and is a connection of John Carlin. The Allentown *Chronicle*, of October 10th says of him:

"John Sager, the candiate for Register of Wills, at one time filled the office of Recorder of Deeds and in that capacity he made an efficient and popular officer. His record as Recorder is evidence that if elected Register he will discharge the duties with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the people. He has always been a faithful and earnest supporter of the Republican party since its organization, and is generally liked for his kindness of heart and his many good qualities."

Cooper Institute, the New York night school for Science and Art, have admitted some deaf-mutes.

The first sociable under the auspices of the Twilight Club will occur the latter part of November.

I. N. Soper had his watch stolen by a pick-pocket last Saturday evening. He should not attend theatres.

A Brooklyn friend would like the address of W. H. Krause, of Boston. Send it in care of the JOURNAL.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns, a great deal of interesting reading matter is left out this week.

It should be remembered by the members (only) of the Twilight Club that the meeting on Saturday next is of special importance.

Miss E. Lockwood wishes her dear classmates, Mrs. Charles Knight and Mrs. Albert Bowler, much joy upon their marriages, and would like to hear from the latter again very much.

Mr. Taef, the monitor of the boys, has left the Lexington Ave. School very sneakingly. On his possession he has $33.00. Ten dollars was borrowed from the Enginner the day before he left and twenty-three dollars from the matron, Mrs. Middleton.

While the girls, of the Lexington Ave. School were playing in the yard an accident had happened. It was learned that Maggie Jones had tripped over a rock. She was picked up insensible. Part of her face had the skin torn off and there was a hole in her leg about an inch deep. It is the first accident at the new building.

The Service Sermon next Sunday, Oct. 23d, at 7:30 P. M., in St Ann's Church, will be interpreted for deaf-mutes. The special mission, which St. Ann's maintains for the deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity, will be encouraged and strengthened, if they will invite their hearing and speaking friends to be present at the service next Sunday evening.

On the 12th of October, Geo. W. Davis, a deaf-mute, of Milton, Mass., bought a silver and gold spoon and fork for $125.00 at the jewelry store, of Bigelow, Hennard & Co., at No. 511 Washington street. He made a present of it to Miss Nellie White, a speaking lady of Milton, Mass. A speaking gentleman, of New York City, is going to be married to her on the ninth of November.

Edward Wilson is working in the large clothing store of Scherwein & Co., on North Third Street, in the city of Philadelphia, and is doing well. He is a good trimmer. Mr. Brewster R. Allabough was visiting Philadelphia some weeks ago. He came from Norristown, Montgomery Co., Pa. He is a good student at the Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C. He had a good father, who died suddenly in Norristown about a month ago.

A certain deaf-mute who used to be a friend to the great silent Mogul farmer of North Smithfield, R. I., has not seen him for about twenty-seven years. He intends to reappear by stealth to learn whether he will be recognized after so many years absence. He hopes to get reyoked when the latter discovers a tramp on his farm if not welcomed to partake of his bountiful hospitalities in token of long gone by memories. How is the old cider mill?

Mrs. H. G. Moody of Lbhanon Centre, Me., writes: "We were sorry that we did not hear of the services held by Rev. Job Turner in Biddeford, and, in fact, to be present ourselves, as it is only twenty-five miles from where we live. We hope the mutes will notify us next time. My aged mother is going to her home in Providence, R. I., this week. She had been with me over three months. My sister said in a letter that she and my mother would leave Providence this month and go to live in New York City. We are sorry, because it will be so far that we cannot visit them. My sister keeps a book store in New York, and says she likes it better than Providence. I have a brother in Penn Yan, He is a dealer in boots and shoes."

Church work among deaf-mutes.

[*Correspondence of the Living Church.*]

Arrangements have been made for a Conference to be held in St. Ann's Church, New York, for Deaf-Mutes, on the 6th of October next, which will, if desirable, be continued through the following Monday, Oct. 10th.

It is understood that papers of importance connected with the work will be read, which shall introduce discussion, and that there will be public services and private devotional exercises. On the first evening, the 6th inst, there is to be a reception in the Sunday School room, by the Manhattan Literary Association, and on Friday morning, the celebration of the Holy Communion. The remainder of the time will be occupied by public Services, missionary addresses, and sessions of the Conference. The hope is entertained that this is but the beginning of like Conferences, which shall be held annually.

The Rev. Henry Winter Syle, of No. 2206 Wallace St., Philadelphia, is expected in town, also the Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, himself a deaf mute, with his wife. He has an appointment here for Sunday, the 2d of October.

Few know what a noble charity the Home for Deaf Mutes, No. 220 E. 13th St., Second and Third Avenues is. Miss Middleton, who has been the faithful and untiring Matron, from its very foundation, gives, not only her time, and heart, and labor, without compensation, but adds to all this material aid out of her own little income, in her efforts to make this a success and a blessing to a most afflicted class. With her own hands, and almost unaided, she keeps the house neat and bright with little adornings, through her native skill; she provides, in the best manner, and at small expense, wholesome, health-giving, and, to the inmates, most acceptable food. She nurses, with a tenderness which only a mother can surpass, by night, and by day, the old and crippled, the diseased and helpless, and thus makes a truly Christian Home for those who are without other earthly friend except the good Dr. Gallaudet, who pleads, and almost in vain, for funds to carry on this Christ-like charity.

When the news of the death of President Garfield was received, the inmates, some of whom are men in advanced life, wanted in every way to manifest their sorrow. So the indulgent and sympathic Matron displayed mourning emblems all through the House. One bent and feeble man, past seventy years of age, who spends much of his time, when not reading the Bible, in painting pictures of our National heroes, prepared a number of likenesses of the deceased President, and they were conspicuously draped, and exhibited in the windows and elsewhere. Others, with the daily papers in hand, were going about, pointing with expressions of deep sorrow, to the dark lines, which told of a Nation in affliction.

Would that they who, by a generous contribution, can lift a great weight from the hearts of those who are struggling to keep up and enlarge this desirable Home, might be moved to give according to their ability, assured that they themselves will certainly receive a four-fold blessing.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Death of Hon. William Stickney.

HIS CONNEGTION WITH THE COLLEGE

Resolutions Passed by the Directors.

(*From our Washington Correspondent.*)

WASHINGTON, October 16, 1881:—For the third time within a short period the College is called upon to mourn the demise of another benefactor, whose career has been closely interwoven with the history of the College. Early in August, we learned through the press of the death of George W. Riggs, Esq., Treasurer of the Institution for many years. Mr. Riggs, had ever been a warm advocate of the College and besides serving on the Board of Directors had contributed $150 per annum for four years for free scholarships. His name will ever be revered by all, who have enjoyed the privileges which his liberality and those of kindred spirits have furnished. Later, in the death of General Garfield, the College again assumed its garb of mourning for another of its friends and defenders. Again on Thursday last, a cloud of sadness fell over all, upon announcement the death of Hon. William Stickney, who had been Secretary of the Board of Directors for the past twenty-five years.

It is impossible to speak of Mr. Stickney without calling to mind the early history of this Institution with which he had been connected since its foundation. When the subject of having an Institution for Deaf-mutes in the District of Columbia was first broached, Mr. Stickney became one of its most earnest advocates. Being a son-in-law of Hon Amos Kendall, he was naturally the admirer and assistant of Mr. Kendall in his efforts towards establishing the Institution. It will be seen that the success of the Institution is due in no little measure to the efforts of Mr. Stickney.

The official announcement of the death of Mr. Stickney was made by Dr. Gallaudet at chapel service this morning. In speaking of the sad event, Dr. Gallaudet recalled the service rendered by Mr. Stickney since the opening of the Institution. When Dr. Gallaudet first reached Washington in May, 1857, he was a stranger in a strange city and wholly uncertain where to go. By good fortune Mr. Stickney met him at the depot and from this meeting great results followed. Through the joint efforts of Mr. Kendall, Mr. Stickney and Dr. Gallaudet, the Institution was incorporated and opened in 1857. Beginning with very meagre accommodations the Institution grew up, and in 1864 an amendatory act, authorizing the Institution to confer college degrees was passed. In this way the National Deaf-Mute College came into existence.

Within a week after the formal public inauguration of the college, appropriations was made by Congress for an addition of fourteen acres to the grounds of the Institution. including temporary buildings for the accommodation of the college. The next year a dormitory building was added, and in 1867 preparations was made for the beginning of the central building. In 1868, the building was completed at a cost of $20,000.

Through all the difficulties which had to be overcome in the herculean work of bringing the college to such a successful issue, three great hearts beat in unison. Two are stilled forever, but one still beats in the breast of our beloved President—Dr. E. M. Gallaudet. May he long be spared to watch over the work in which he took such a noble part.

A meeting of the Directors was held yesterday morning at the office of Hon. W. W. Corcoran. The President, Dr. Gallaudet, announced the death of Mr. Stickney, the Secretary of the Board, and requested Senator Dawes to act as chairman of the meeting. Dr. Gallaudet was requested to perform the duties of Secretary.

On motion of Hon. William McKee Dunn, the following minutes, expressive of the regard in which Mr. Stickney was held by his associates on the Board was unanimously adopted.

It was voted that the Board attend Mr. Stickney's funeral in a body and that the President transmit to Mrs. Stickney a copy of the proceedings of the meeting.

"In the death of the Honorable William Stickney, late Secretary of the Board, the Institution committed to our charge sustains a loss the extent and magnitude of which is not easy to estimate.

Connected by near family ties with the distinguished founder of the Institution, the late Hon. Amos Kendall, Mr. Stickney was naturally the adviser and assistant of Mr. Kendall in his early efforts towards its establishment.

Mr. Stickney's name appears as one of the corporate and personal directors in the act of Congress under which the Institution was organized in 1857. He was chosen first Secretary of the Board, and continued to fill that office up to the time of his death. In this position, as well as that of auditor of accounts, he has performed valuable service for nearly a quarter of a century. His interest in the development of the Institution was warmly manifested at every point of its progress, and by his wise councils he has contributed largely to its success.

As a personal loss his death will be deeply felt by his associates in this Board, and his name will ever be held in respectful and affectionate remembrance.

To his widow bending under the weight of a double sorrow, the President and members of the Board desire to offer their heartfelt sympathy and to express the hope that in her grievous trial she may have from the source of all that comfort that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

In pursuance to the above expression of the Board, the Directors with the President, Professors and the Senior and Junior classes attended the funeral services of the deceased. The services were held in the Calvary Baptist Church, of which Mr. Stickney was a prominent member. The service were conducted by Rev. Mr. Green, pastor of the church, assisted by several other clergymen, of this and other cities. The church was crowded, standing room being barely to be had. The floral offerings were numerous and of very pretty design. Upon the conclusion of the service the remains were conveyed to Oak Hill Cemetery for interment.

LESTER MONTROSE.

North-Eastern Pennsylvania Notes.

No marriage among us since that affair at Carbondale in August, though it is rumored that one of our prominent gents will soon take unto himself his other half.

Mr. J. P. Ijams, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was in Wilkesbarre last Saturday, on business connected with court; but much to the regret of his friends about here, he did not have time to call and see them. He left for home to-day.

Miss Hattie Post, of Rushville, Susquehanna Co., has secured employment in Scranton, and will shortly take up her residence there. This move on her part causes quite a flutter among the deaf-mute beaux of that "loafer-lined" town, we are told. Well, no wonder.

Applicants for admission to the Deaf-Mute school at Scranton, from the outlying districts, are becoming quite numerous, and active measures will soon be taken looking towards the establishment of a boarding department in connection with the day school, which it is hoped may form the nucleus of a State Institution for this part of the State.

The Scranton *Daily Times*, of October 17th, copied an item from the JOURNAL of last week, in relation to Thomas Dwyer, the deaf-mute policeman, of Cleveland. Items relating to deaf-mutes appear quite frequently in newspapers hereabouts, some of them quite humorous. In our next letter we will send a few specimens, which, no doubt, will amuse the readers of the JOURNAL.

From Mr. Koehler, of the deaf-mute school, who is collecting statistics relating to the deaf of this region, we learn that Lackawanna County, with a population of 80,000 people, contains 73 deaf-mutes so far as certainly known. The whole number is estimated at 80, so that the porportion of the deaf to the hearing, in this one county, is as 1 to 1000—an unusually large porportion, considering that the lowest estimate places the ratio at 1 to every 1,500 in the United States.

Rev. Mr. Syle held service for deaf-mutes in St. Luke's Episcopal Church, at Scranton, on Sunday evening, October 2nd, there being twenty deaf-mutes present, all adults but one, and a large congregation of hearing people, notwithstanding the weather, which was very disagreeable. Mr. Syle interpreted the regular evening service, and while the rector of the church read a statement concerning deaf-mutes in general, and church work among that class in particular, he preached to the deaf-mutes present. Mr. Syle also addressed a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Hall on the same afternoon, where over twenty mutes had gathered, among whom were Mr. and Mrs Robert Arnold, Miss Nettie Weil, Mr. Henry Kresge, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Dolph and many others. Much interest was manifested and all are eagerly looking forward to the next service, when the attendance will probably be larger.

A Deaf-Mute Marriage.

From the Reading Eagle.

WOMELSDORF, Oct 10.—William Kintzer, of Lower Heidelberg, was married to Miss Kershner, widow of Philip Kershner, by Rev Thomas Leinbach, at the residence of the pastor. The contracting parties are both deaf and dumb, Mr. Kintzer being about 45 years old and an old bachelor, and his bride about 40 years old, she having two children by her former husband who are also deaf and dumb. The oldest is at present attending the deaf and dumb school at Philadelphia. The pastor wrote the ceremonies down on paper, and the contracting parties read them, giving their assent whenever it was required, in the same way. After the cremony they repaired to the house of Charles Schoener, in Marion township, the birthplace of Mr. Kintzer. They will commence housekeeping in Robesonia.

MUTE MARRIAGE.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Thursday evening a wedding of unusual interest was celebrated at the residence of Mr. Frank Laughlin, corner of Sixteenth and Holmes. Mr. Edward Paxton, of West Virginia, and Miss Lillie S. Wise, of Emporia, Kansas, being the contracting parties.

Both bride and groom were deaf-mutes and the ceremony as performed in the mute language by Prof. W. H. DeMotte, Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Olathe, Kansas. The ceremony was celebrated at 8 o'clock in the evening, after which the guests were ushered into the dining-room and invited to partake of a liberal repast. The guests were: Messrs. How, Meyers, Kyle, Evers, Dice, Stevens; Mr. and Mrs. Markberry, Mr. and Mrs. Laughlin, Mr. Johnson, the Misses Johnson, Coan, Bodley, Mr. and Mrs. Greeley and others. Most of the guests were deaf-mutes and the occasion one long to be remembered by all present. It was understood that another wedding of a similar kind will shortly take place here which will cause a ripple in the circle most interested

BROOKLYN.

Opening the Season.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

The Manhattan Literary Association.

SQUIBS. ETC.

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may;
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

As the winter months approach nearer and nearer, it is but natural that the young should turn their thoughts to indoor amusements, and to them nothing is more enjoyable then getting up parties and surprising their friends. In this the mutes hereabouts are not a whit behind their more favored brethren and sisters and from this time forward until early spring a great many such gatherings may be expected.

THE FIRST

On Tuesday evening, the 11th inst. a number of friends of Mr. Geo. P. Lockwood gathered at the residence of a mute couple in Brooklyn, and about half past eight took cars for the domicile of that gentleman for the purpose of surprising him.

Arriving at their destination they were met at the door by Mrs. Lockwood and were quickly shown to rooms where doffing their wraps they quietly entered the parlors.

In the meantime, Mr. Lockwood, innocent of what was going on below, was with some friends, who took good care that he did not leave the room, enjoying a game of "euchre." Suddenly he was informed that company wished to see him.

Off he rushed and dashed into the parlors and was instantly surrounded by a bevy of handsome ladies and gallant men, who congratulated him upon the event which they had gathered to celebrate.

Dancing and games was the next thing in order, and were indulged in until the "Grand March" was struck up, when all proceeded to the dining rooms where they enjoyed a *menu* "fit for the Gods."

Returning to the parlors the guests amused themselves in various ways until early morning, when departing for their homes wishing Mr. Lockwood many returns of his natal day.

Among the many present where Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Juhring, Mrs. S. Patton and daughter Loulie, Misses Rachel McIlvaine, Florence Sammis, Rose Kelly, Addie Lockwood, Mary Liebel, Hannah Henry,—Lee, Mrs Hedgeman and others. Of the gentlemen, we noticed, Messrs. Frank M. Senior, Leo. Greis, George L. Reynolds, Henry Harrison, Henry Stengele, John Wilkinson, Philip Tobin, Henry Lockwood, John Clark, W. L. Waters and Moses Heyman.

NEW YORK.

On Wednesday evening we received the following notice:

Sir:—You are respectfully requested to be present at the meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association to-morrow evening (Oct. 13th) at 8:15 as business of importance will be transacted.
By order of the President.
JOHN HOGAN,
Secretary.

Thinking that the "great absentee" had at last condescended to remember there was such an organization as the Manhattan Literary Association and that he would be present and attempt to pay off "old scores," we, as in duty bound, resolved to attend in behalf of the JOURNAL readers. Reaching the hall a little late we were surprised to find that a debate on the following question was in progress: "Which life is the most risky, that of a soldier or sailor." The contestants on both sides were good, and for over an hour discussed the question with a vim with advantages in favor of the soldier, Volunteers were called for, a number of whom gladly took sides and continued the battle. At last a Brooklynite stepped upon the rostrum and by the graceful manner in which he used the sign-language more than by the depth of his arguments turned defeat into victory. Upon a count being taken it was found twenty thought the life of a sailor was more risky, and but twelve that of a soldier.

BUSINESS.

The debate over, the Secretary read a letter from Mr. Jacques Loew who desired to resign his membership in he association and stated as his reasen "business," which is certainly a very indefinite one. This after some discussion was laid over.

It was now suggested that the association should be incorporated a number of members taking the rostrum and speaking in favor of it. A vote being taken it was found that all desired it, so the chairman appointed Messrs. Reynolds, Froehlich, Wilkinson, Godfrey, Hogan, Klingman and Ekartd to transact the business. This latter member was not present, but it is presumed that he will accept as the office to which he was appointed is one of considerable honor.

SQUIBS, NOTES, ETC.

Mr. David B. Glenn of Carlisle, Pa., was at the last meeting of the M. L. A. Besides himself, his brother and two sisters are deaf-mutes.

During the debate, in which the chairman took part, the second vice president occupied his place. By the unusual honor bestowed upon him this latter worthy became puffed up with vanity and ostentation and watched his opportunity to show off his temporary authority. Soon it came. A member dropped in, took a seat, greeted another and was instantly called to order. Changing his place to one farther back, he in a manner which disturbed no one spoke to a friend and was instantly "fined". He gave notice that he would appeal and as he has two reliable witnesses. The short-lived chairman is likely to "get a flea in his ears." *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*

In the last issue of the JOURNAL it was stated that the "Lockwood surprise" was under the auspices of the "Twilight Club." This is wrong; the club as a body had nothing to do with it.

Samuel W. Mc Clelland talks of joining a dancing school and also the Manhattan Literary Association.

The exquisite and delightful Moses Heyman informed us that he was going west next week and would visit Chicago, St. Louis, and other places in that part of the country.

At a recent meeting of the M. L. A., a motion was made that the association hold a ball during the coming winter, the proceeds of which to be divided between it and the "building fund." Laid over.

That "Pinafore scare" was awful hard to get down. We always knew "X. X. X." delighted in making "pi" but supposed that after he had become "a president" he had gone out of the business. Mistaken?

AMERICUS.

Oct. 15, 1881.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Eastern Trip.

DEAR JOURNAL: We,—that is, Mrs. Mann, Miss Orrok and the writer—left Cleveland the day after the Garfield obsequies. After an all night's ride, we reached Salamanca, N. Y. There we changed cars. At Hornelsville we lunched. A little beyond H. we were detained some three hours by a broken axle. Very late the following night we reached New York City.

In the following morning Miss Orrok went over to the house of a friend. Mrs. Mann and I went over to St. Ann's Rectory, and soon after to the Ashland House, on corner of 4th Avenue and 24th Street, where we remained during most of our stay in the Metropolis.

It would be impossible to particularize everything that we did. We visited several of the principal objects of interest: the Obelisk, Central Park, the Institutions at Fanwood and corner of 4th Avenue and 67th Street, Brighton Beach, Blackwell's Island, and others. We went up into the spire of Trinity Church, as high as we could go, and enjoyed the view therefrom. Mrs. Mann and Miss Orrok visited the Fair of the American Institute and other places, while I visited several book stores, and made a call at the *Churchman* Office.

On Sunday, October 2d, at 3 P.M., I officiated at St. Ann's Church. On the following Tuesday I attended a conference of Clergy, engaged in Church-work among deaf-mutes. Dr. Gallaudet was elected Chairman. Papers were read and discussed during the day. The delegates lunched at the Rectory at 1 P.M. In the evening, there was a missonary meeting at which Drs. Peet, Twing and Gallaudet, Rev. Messrs. Syle, Turner and Mann made addresses. I gave a brief account of the Western Work under my charge. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted the Oral as well as the sign addresses.

On the following Friday, I left for Philadelphia, in company with Rev. Mr. Syle and Mr. M. C. Fortescue, a lay delegate. Mrs. Mann unfortunately could not go on account of indisposition. On arriving in Philadelphia, I went with Rev. Mr. Syle to his home, 2206 Wallace Street. After supper we went down together to St. Stephen's Sunday School room where a number of friends were gathered. A few impromptu addresses were made and some pleasant conversation indulged in. In the afternoon of Saturday, in company with Rev. Mr. Syle, I visited the Institution, on the corner of Pine and Broad Streets, the Franklin Library and other objects of interest.

On Sunday I dined at the Institution, and assisted at the service and preached at St. Stephen's Church, at 2 P.M. In the evening I left for New York City, arriving somewhat late. I found Mrs. Mann almost entirely recovered from her indisposition.

On the following Tuesday morning, we left for home, which we reached the next day after makiug two or three changes of cars.

I found a good sized pile of correspondence awaiting my attention. After having answered several letters, I left the same day for Medina, Ohio, after the other members ofour family, who came up the next day; so we are once more united under our own roof. Little Howard has greatly enjoyed himself in our absence, in the open air; and has perceptibly grown. To-day, he is busy with his new playthings—a train of steam-cars and a menagerie, and is happy. To-morrow I start for St. Louis.

Yours,
A. W. MANN.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 14-'81.

COLUMBUS.

Another Death at the School.

PAY & LETTER DAY.

Changes in the Corps of Instructors.

NOTES, ETC.

Some years ago, during the stewardship of the late F. F. Wing, a large sled was made for the benefit of the pupils during the sleighing season. One Saturday afternoon about four winters ago, when a large number of girls were out for a ride, the horses became frightened and dashed away, overturning the sleigh. Some of the girls were more or less hurt but most seriously of all was a bright but delicate girl about 9 years of are.

That was Flora Hoffschmidt. From that time she was never very well and gradually grew weaker and weaker until it was apparent she was in the clutches of that fell destroyer, consumption. This Fall, when Dr. Shatz, the Superintendent of the Children's Home and of which she had been an inmate for two or three years during vacation brought her to the Institution, she was scarcely able to ascend the front steps. She finally succumbed to the disease, and on the evening of October 6th at 9:30, when the boys and girls were sleeping in their respective dormitories, she sank into that sleep which knows no waking till the bright resurrection morn. She seemed to realize that the end was near and her anxious questions "Does Christ love me?" "Am I good?" "Will I live again?" proved that she was preparing for the life beyond the grave. The funeral services which took place in the Chapel Saturday morning at ten o'clock were very impressive. The casket of pearly white with silver mountings was placed in the front of the stage. At the head of the casket was a large wreath of tube roses and other delicate flowers and in the right hand of the deceased was a beautiful Calla lily. The silver plate bore the simple inscription "Flora." The movable slate on the stage presented to our view tbe words below written in clear and beautiful characters:

JULY 24TH, 1868—OCTOBER 12TH, 1876,
(*Flora Hoffschmidt.*)
OCTOBER 6TH, 1881.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

The date had reference to her birth, year of admission to the Institution, and the time of her death. Principal Perry read portions of St. Mark, 13th Chapter, and Revelations 21st, and then gave a brief review of the young life cut short. Mrs. Rose, our Matron occupied a seat on the left side of the stage while Dr. Schatz and Rev. Mr. Talbot had seats on the other side. Mr. Talbot closed the service with a feeling prayer. A touching feature of the occasion was that the only relatives present were three sisters of the deceased, all younger than herself. They were aged 9, 8 and 6 years respectively. They were accompanied by Dr. Schatz, his wife and the matron of the Children's Home. There were many tears shed as the pupils look at her face, for she was a universal favorite among the girls. A white hearse and a span of white horses conveyed the remains to Greenlawn, where her mother, who died under particularly sad circumstances two years ago, is sleeping.

The first social of the year was held in the amusement hall on Tuesday evening. The pupils entered into all the games with great zest. A new feature of the occasion was a *mock* election. It was a source of great amusement to both teachers and pupils. If all judges were as careless of the ballot boxes as those were, thus would be trouble in the State of Ohio on election day. The next sociable will be on the 2d Tuesday of next month for the busy B's.

It is our misfortune to feel that the Political sword hangs over our Institution on such a fine thread that we instinctively lift our heads to see whether it will descend on us every time a Partisan breeze arises. Living there in constant dread of re-organixation has an influence on us otherwise than ennobling. It was natural for us all to breathe more freely when we learned that the result of the State election on Tuesday last indicated the re-election of the party in power by a large majority. Our Institution will thus move on with its present equipment of officers and teachers for two years more at least. It is related by the "oldest inhabitant" of the Institution that when the Democrats came into power in 1852, the Board of the different Institutions were merged into one Board of nine trustees. A messenger went through our Institution leaving big envelopes on the tables of the teachers informing them that their services were no longer desired. Of course there was a great rush of applicants after the loaves and fishes. It had such a demoralizing effect on the school that one of the pupils put on airs and made daily pilgrimages to the Legislative halls to urge his claims for one of the places that has been long held by the veterans. But the most disgusting part of it was that a son of one of the Senators notorious for his loose morals made bold to appear in the school-rooms every few days, making a big splurge in loud clothes and boasting that he would be one of the Corps ere long. The death of Supt. Cary and the appointment of Mr. Stone in his place quieted matters and all the old teachers were retained and since then the teachers have never been disturbed.

Mrs. Kessler has been compelled to suspend her labors for the present on account of ill health. It is much regretted by all and her valuable services will begreatly missed. It is hoped that she may be able to return ere long health completely restored. Miss Hattie Coggeshall, daughter of the ex-Consul to Chili, has been appointed to take her place temporarily. She is well educated and accomplished and will doubtless prove a valuable acquisition to our corps of instructors.

We are sorry also to chronicle the resignation of Miss Anna Byers who goes to Portsmouth on Monday to keep house for her uncle, who has lately lost his wife. We hope the change may be a pleasanter one for her. It is not known at this writing who will take her class.

Our home fire company has been reorganized and Levi Flinnken has been elected Captain. It is intended to drill them thoroughly for the better protection of the Institution. It is also intended to have the pupils use the fire-escapes in making their exit, so that in case of necessity a panic will not ensue.

The old custom of paying the teachers every ten weeks has been abolished. Hereafter they will be paid on the 15th of each month. This has long been the desire of the teachers, so it is a happy change for them. The 15th will also, hereafter, be known as "Letter Day" in which the pupils are to receive instruction during one session in the art of epistolary writing. Letters are written by their teachers for those pupils who are unable to write themselves.

NOTES.

Mr. McGinness is back from his jaunt East. He reports having had A No. 1 time.

Miss Mary Dundan has returned from her visit to Mrs. Frazier at Bridgeport, O.

One of our boys, Murphy by name, fell down during an exciting game of foot ball and had his wrist broken.

Mr. Samuel Flenniken and his wife were among the visitors during the past week.

Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, of class of '79, is working in the printing office of the *Blanchester (O.) Star.*

Mr. L. Badenelle visited the Institution lately, and was reported to have been married to Miss Maggie Davis on the 13th of this month.

A new register for visitors now graces the desk in the Reception Room.

Photographic views of the Chapel, Library, the interior of the Russell and the State buildings are on exhibition in the Reception for sale. The proceeds are to go towards enlarging the library.

We clip the following from the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of yesterday:—

"AKRON, OHIO, October 13.—Andrew Snowden, a laborer at Talmadge, five miles from here, was killed by the East-bound morning train on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad. The back part of his skull, with all the brains, was cut away, leaving the face untouched from the ears forward. Snowden was deaf, and walking on the road." We know no mute by this name in the State. It is probable that the man was only hard of hearing.

We have 423 pupils now against 415 at the close of the fiscal year on the 15th of November last.

BUCKEYE.

Oct. 15, 1881.

A Director of the Alabama Institution Killed.

EDITOR JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR:—The Hon. Marcus Henderson Cruikshank, President of the Board of Trustees of the Alabama Institution, was thrown from a horse and killed this morning. He was one of the original Board of Incorporators of the Institution, and has in all the time since 1860, missed but a single meeting of the Board. He was heart and soul interested in the education of the deaf and the blind. He spared no pains, time or money, so far as he was able to promote the interests of the Institution. We have sustained an irreparable loss. Mr. Cruikshank was a lawyer of ability, and an editor for many years.

He was a member, for two years of the Confederate Congress, and filled many other places of trust and honor entirely unselfish. He devoted most of his time to the service of the public, oftentimes without the hope of fee or reward.

This community and the State of Alabama has sustained in his death a severe loss, the cause of deaf-mute education one of its stanchest supporters.

J. H. J.

Now is the time to subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only 1.50 a year.

NEW YORK.

Cullings from Gotham and Brookyln.

A NARROW SHAVE.

Items of Interest

The new and magnificent church of St. Francis Xavier on 16th st., N. Y. City, had a narrow escape recently. At an early hour in the morning fire was discovered in an old building adjourning the church.

The engines were promptly on hand and by much effort the firemen saved the church.

This is the place where the "Deaf-Mute Catholic Literary and Benevolent Mission" meet, and if the church had caught fire, we have no doubted all the other buildings connected with it would have gone up in smoke and the deaf-mutes would have lost their hall.

On account of the rain last Wednesday only a slight attendance was present at the meeting of the C. L. U.

The papers are becoming flooded with items about deaf-mutes or deaf-mute Institutions. We fell on two in half an hour in two different papers, published in two different cities.

The following is from the one hailing from Lawrence, (Mass.):

"A Boston man took occasion to remark to his wife: 'My dear, the infinite always is silent. 'Tis the finite only that speaks.' She was a dull woman who didn't take hints, but she never forgot the remark, and long afterward, when some friends expressed a wish to visit the deaf and dumb asylum,she turned to her husband and asked: 'What days, my love, is the asylum of the infinite open for the reception of finite visitors?'"

The next is from one of the Metropolitan daily styled the *Daily News* which professes to have the largest circulation in the Union:

"Keokuk's *Gate City* says the meanest man in the world lives in Burlington. While a deaf, dumb and blind hand-organist was sleeping in the post-office corner the wretch stole his instrument and substituted a new-fangled churn therefor; and when the organist awoke, he seized the handles of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when the 'shades of night were falling fast,' that meanest man in the world came around, took his churn, restored the organ to its owner and carried home four pounds of creamery butter."

Deaf-mutes are now registering their names preparatory to the coming election.

James O'Neil, of Brooklyn reports business as first rate; and as a result is happy.

The arrest of Parnell has raised the wrath of Erin's deaf-mute sons and daughters "who were born on the Old Sod." And a certain Irish deaf-mute embloyee in a down town Medicine factory, who sports a long beard and wears eye-glasses, etc., wants to march to death or glory. His war cry is, "Give us liberty or give us death."

James Burns, of Brooklyn, a graduate of '79 from Fanwood is employed in a tin toy factory on Hudson Avenue,(otherwise styled the Nigger's Alley) Brooklyn.

Recently several deaf-mutes went to Niblo's Garden Theatre on Broadway, New York City, to see the hit of the season — Michael Strogoff—played under the management of the Kiralfy Brothers.

The acting was splendid. The ballets fascinating, the illustrated fete at Moscow was charming; the battle field at Kolyvon sickening; the Tartar camp and Strogoff's doom first vote and Irkutsk in flames. Astonishing; Astounding; Awful; Splendid; etc.

Niblo's Garden is named after its founder. William Niblo was formerly a director of the New York Institution and during life was a warm friend of deaf-mutes.

He presented the clock over the shops at Fanwood to that Institution, as any one who has has eyes sharp enough can see by looking at the face where on is engraved.

Presented by William Niblo—1869.

Last Thursday a meeting was held by the Manhattan Literary Association, to see which life was the most risky that of a sailor or soldier. Messrs. Godfrey and Campbell gave forth the awful perils of the wanderer of that "trackless way," while Messrs. Froehlich and Klingman opened the eyes of the audience to the terrible dangers the soldier has to encounter. When the call for volunteers was made Mr. Wilkinson responded in favor of the sailor, and did more for his side than the regular debators, and some think he gained the victory for his side. Mr. Stein responded for the soldier and made a desperate effort to impress on the minds of those present that a sailor's life is child's play, while that of the soldier is the most dangerous, but the attempt was a flat failure.

The Social Union held a re-union in Clarke's parlors last Friday. About thirty mutes were present, and a pleasant time was passed. Among the ladies present we noticed Misses Howard, Sonneborn, Ludwig, Liebel and Renode.

It is said that on the evening of the great fire on 4th Avenue, the Twilight Club and the "Morning Glory Boom," (recently organized) were holding their meetings not a thousand miles away. There was great excitement in the former club, and the members wanted to adjourn and investigate, but circumstances prevented. Delegates were sent and soon returned and reported proceedings.

The latter club, in which the President, Vice-President, Secretary, etc., are so condensed as to be held by one person, and the audience, which also consisted of one, unanimously agreed to follow the engine that was then rushing by, and while on their way ran against the Twilighter's delegates, but before explanations could be given a big "cop" ordered them to move on, and they were separated.

Mr. W. G. Pownall, the Secretary of the C. L. U., who is part owner of a leading fancy glass window factory in Brooklyn, is now one of the busiest men in the City of Churches. He is now making a very expensive window for Commissioner French's house in New York, and has heavy orders from Tiffany & Co., the jewelers. He also has the contract of putting in the windows of the Raymond Street jail, Brooklyn, and has a great many smaller jobs.

Deaf-mutes wishing any first class work done in the above line will do well to call at his place of business, on Hudson Avenue, between Fulton and Dekalb Aves, Brooklyn.

Hiram West, of needle fame, was at the meeting of the M. L. A. Thursday last.

Mr. McFaul, who went to Chicago last spring, is back in the Metropolis again.

THE FLY OF THE PERIOD.

"Will you step into my parlor?" says the spider with a sigh;
"Not if the court is wide awake," replied the wary fly;
"I've sugar-plums and lollipops—oh, what a stunning feast;"
"I'm not hungry, I assure you," quoth the fly, "not in the least;
With sugar plums and lollipops I never could agree,
I'm a fly of the present period, so you can't come over me."

"Now please drop in a moment, and don't be so absurd,
On the honor of a spider, I pledge to you my word.
I'll try to make you happy, if you tarry here a while,
And I'll hum for you a lulliby, the moments to beguile."
"I much prefer the humming of my pal, the honey-bee,
I'm a fly of the present period, and you can't come over me."

"Well, come and swing upon my web, before the sun goes down,
You'll find it quite delightful to be swaying up and down."
"I never swing in spiders webs, or in their parlors sit,
My country cousin tried it on; he was gobbled every bit;
His fate it is a warning, for he perished dismally,
I'm a fly of the present period, so you can't play sharp on me;"

X. X. X.

N. Y. CITY, Oct., 16, 1881.

Letter from Boston.

When Rev. Dr. Gallaudet said that a christian association composed of *free thinkers*, I disagreed with him, but we have to acknowledge that he is right. Now, you see that two or three Sundays ago Mr. J. T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass., one of the Boston deaf-mute society's officers polluted your altar by inviting the deaf-mute arch-swindler and manslaughterer of Mrs. Amos Smith, *nee* Miss Agnes E. Holmes, our beloved friend, by name of Robert D. Livingstone, to the pulpit of the said society to preach before you!! Tillinghast's conduct was not only a gross insult to the society, but to all good-mute people of New England. It seems as though Tillinghast had been bribed or compromised for the purpose.

We are sudden victims of the national laughter, not only at our inability of catching that notorious bird, but your sheepishness to listen to his address at our sacred historical altar on the Sabbath day. Am willing to partake of the shame with you, though I have not been in Boston for more than eleven years, but I am an old Bostonian by heart.

What have you done with that stupid fellow who turned the once proud society into the national-ridiculed and despised one suddenly? I have been officially told that Mr. G. A. Holmes was then in Lowell when his fellow J. T. T.'s misdemeanor occurred. Mr. H. was indignant and spoke to him in strong terms, only in private. But all is too late. We must be determined to see that J. T. Tillinghast be returned to his former obscurity at once. No use to trust him any longer.

I don't wish to assail the society, owing to its president, William Lynde, my old friend in battle against the defunct, great Massachusetts Christian Union swindle, etc. But I wish him to get out of the scrape sooner the better by resigning his position of honor, or having the constitution revised at once and the old by-laws restored as by what the ordinary Young Mens' Christian Associations are governed. We shall not be short of the two terms—revision of the constitution and J. T. Tillinghast's rout out of the Boston society, because you can't overthrow him and unpopular officers any way under the present constitution.

WM. K. CHASE.

☞An experienced physician says when you wake in the morning rise and dress at once. Never lie and "drowse." There is no refreshment to he derived therefrom. There is a vigorous tonic in the morning air.

DEAF WIT.

HOW DEAF-MUTES ARE MADE SPORT OF, AND SOME SPORT MADE BY DEAF-MUTES.

A Mixture of Humor and otherwise—Principally Otherwise.

BY TERWILLEGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

If deaf-mutes be virtuous they will be—a curiosity.

Look not upon the JOURNAL when it is borrowed. Go and subscribe.

The scornful semi-mute maiden's nose has an upward tendency.

Many a semi-mute who thinks himself a great gun is nothing but a big bore.

It was the mute who fell down the chapel stairs that spoke of his extended trip.

A mute in Tennessee shot his future father-in-law. He made a mistake in the sex.

You can never persuade a semi-mute that a paper that has his name in it isn't worth reading.

The lazy mute's fear—If he once begins to earn his living he will always be expected to.

A Kansas deaf-mute beat his wife to a jelly and the next day got a position as baggage smasher.

A deaf-mute does not always get much comfort out of his first cigar but he gets a heap of experience.

The young mute man who gave up drinking to propitiate his girl, wisely concluded that a miss is so good as a smile.

Size don't always count. A semi-mute woman will jump twice as high at sight of a rat as she will at seeing an elephant.

When a semi-mute steps up to a fire-extinguisher and tries to get a drink of ice water from it, he will bear watching.

If a semi-mute maiden says she is twenty, yet looks fifty,add the figures together, divide by two and you will 'ave-'er-age.

Color blindness is growing prevalent. A deaf-mute friend of ours who has a red nose, thinks that nobody sees it.

One hair in the hash in some of our Institutions will cause more hard feelings them seven mottos on the walls can overcome.

It is said that dwarfs die of premature old age and giants of exhaustion. Deaf-mutes should be thankful. They die of neither.

A deaf-mute liar can tire out a fact quicker than any JOURNAL correspondent living, by the simple process of harnessing it up to his imagination.

The scientists have taught that insects have their affections, and now some one knows a mosquito that was mashed on a young semi-mute lady.

The Old Testament will not be revised for three years yet. Deaf-mutes will have to break the Ten Commandments as they are for the present.

The deaf-mute who picked up a well-filled pocket book the other day was disgusted to find it full of tracts on honesty and nary a cent in currency.

A semi-mute friend says he has lots of spare time on his hands since he began to attend to his own business. Formerly he was the hardest worked mute in the city.

The most fastidious mute we know of is the one who started out to drown himself, and carried an umbrella over his head so as not to get his clothes wet.

It always makes us feel dissatisfied with ourself when a friend (?) of ours drops in and tells us "a word to the wise is sufficient," and then goes on and talks at us for three hours.

The real dimensions of a man consists in the size of the moral shadow he casts.—*Weekly Paper.* If that's the case, some deaf-mutes can go and hide themselves behind a match.

We do not think there is any use worrying over the tendency of cigarette smoking to destroy our boy's lives, because the mute who smokes them will generally be improved by killing.

The New York papers are discussing the question: "Can a judge sit when he is over 70 years old?" If he is anything like some of our deaf-mutes, we should think he could sit a dreadful sight longer than he could stand.

A Maine deaf-mute who didn't care two shakes of a lamb's tail for the JOURNAL rode fourteen miles through a rain storm to get a copy that spoke of him as a "successful shoemaker."

TERWILLEGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

"MR. WHY."

Popular Deaf-Mute Delusions Corrected.

POWER OF PRAYER.

Too Literal for any Use

AND SO FORTH

IT IS A MISTAKE TO SUPPOSE—

That all persons who are mutes are stone deaf—there are many who can hear certain sounds as well as any one, even to the dropping of a traditional pin, while other classes of sounds do not effect them in the least.

That because a person is deaf and mute he can see further and better than other people—some are as blind as bats and cannot see the point of a joke unless it is driven into them with a ten-ton trip hammer.

That all deaf-mutes are tramps—we know a few that are quite respectable, but they stay at home like decent people and attend to their business and do not make an exhibition of themselves; hence they are known only to their neighbors, who respect and honor them.

That all semi-mutes are smarter and better informed than congenital mutes—they ought to be, but many of them cannot hold a candle to some congenital mutes that we know of.

That every mute who can write his name in a fine bold hand can write any thing else and understand what is written to him perfectly—it should be borne in mind that writing his name is about the first thing taught a mute, and very often he stops right there.

That because a mute staggers he has a "brick in his hat"—the blow that deprived him of his hearing may have staggered him so much that he has not got over it yet and probably never will.

That the "crowning glory of deaf-mute education" is teaching them to articulate—giving them speech does not always give them education, and of what use is speech without ideas to express? All savages can speak, but that does not prove them to be educated.

That if a suspected person turns around when you stamp on the floor or beat a drum behind him it is a sure sign that he is an impostor and not deaf—If he does *not* show any sign under such circumstances it is more conclusive that he is an impostor than that he is deaf, for all deaf-mutes are peculiarly sensitive to such sounds and will at once show that they feel it, while the impostor is apt to overdo the thing and remain impassive.

That because a person is as deaf as a post he is dumb—we have often been amused at the startled look of persons when one whom they knew to be deaf spoke to them for the first time.

That because a person can speak he can hear—that is one reason why semi-mutes are so shy of speaking to strangers, it is so hard to convince some that they cannot hear no matter how loudly they are spoken to.

That deaf-mutes cannot converse in the dark—under certain circumstances some of them quite prefer that condition of things.

That a mute who commits a crime should be allowed to go scot-free or dealt with leniently on account of his misfortune—if he has had any education at all he is just as responsible as any one and should be dealt with accordingly.

That because a married couple are both mutes their children are also mutes—such is the exception instead of the rule.

That deaf-mutes go to school to learn the deaf and dumb language—in this country they go there to learn the English language.

That Institutions for the deaf and dumb are asylums or hospitals—they are SCHOOLS, but it will take a long time to convince the "intelligent public" that such is the case.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A great deal has been said lately about the power of prayer, and here is a case in point.

"Some years ago, a party of pupils of the Indiana Institution were out in the woods nutting. They found a tree and denuded it of all its nuts except one which with all their shaking obstinately refused to come down. Then they tried stones and sticks and exhausted themselves in hurling them at the obdurate nut, but it still hung above them and refused to tumble. Among their number was a boy, whose name escapes me, but who was a firm believer in the power of prayer and whose faith no amount of ridicule could shake. Well, after all their efforts to bring down the nut had failed, one, more skeptical, and perhaps more mischievous than the rest, asked the boy if he could bring down the nut by praying. Without a moments hesitation he said "yes!" and falling on his knees in the midst of his laughing companions, right under the nut, shut his eyes and began to pray vehemently that it might fall. He had not prayed two minutes when lo! down came the nut plump on his head. His companions were dumbfounded, while he arose and pocketed the nut just as if it was a matter of course.

On another occasion it rained several days continually till the boys got tired of it and asked our praying friend if he could stop it. He said he could and prayed long and earnestly and next morning not a cloud could be seen.

TOO LITERAL FOR ANY USE.

There is a mute in Kentucky, who is too literal for any use. Once he went to a hotel. At 12 o'clock sharp he entered the dining-room with the first batch of comers, ate his dinner and went out. Soon another crowd of hungry men entered, he followed, sat down and ordered another dinner and went out with those he came in with. This was repeated three or four times until he attracted the attion of the head waiter, who stopped him and inquired what he meant by such conduct. Drawing himself up, he pointed to the notice on the wall which said, "DINNER FROM 12 TO 2 P.M.," and pointing to the clock to show the astonished waiter that it was not 2 o'clock yet, complacently took his seat at the table again.

WE US & CO., that is Felix, the head of the firm, is evidently not much of a ramrod or his education in natural history has been sadly neglected.

Sometime ago, during a trip to the wilds of Pennsylvania, he borrowing a shot gun and went hunting. During his wandering he came to a pond and seeing some ducks, blazed away and killed one. Securing his prize he returned home in triumph with his game, but there he learned to his astonishment and digust that instead of a wild duck, he had killed some farmer's tame duck. Since then the only game he has taken any interest in is "seven up" "pedro" and "old maid."

"Typo," must have an exalted opinion of his own greatness and importance judging from the liberal notices he gives of himself under his assumed name. Here is a specimen in the JOURNAL of Oct. 6th. "He (that is "Typo" whose real name appears at the head of the paragraph) is a man of fine address and has a permanent situation on the *Leader*, a morning paper, working at night etc." Evidently modesty is not one of his crowning vertuls. Better hire a bootblack to toot your horn for you, "Typo," instead of doing it yourself.

MR. WHY.

Hudson Riverside Association.

For a considerable length of time there has not been any publication in the JOURNAL, regarding this Association, because the members were away at home, spending their vacation for two months, and could not assemble themselves at the New York Institution every week. On the 7th inst., this Association held its first regular fall meeting, which made the members happy to assemble again after a long absence of more than two months. They enjoyed the reorganization, and hope that it will become one of the most highly cultivated societies in this country, should it not get disbanded in the future.

Last June, their election took place and the following officers were elected: President, Elmer E. Smith; Vice-President, C. W. Stowell; Secretary, James W. Nash; Treasurer, William Ennis and the Executive Committee, J. H. Dobbs, E. H. Singer and another gentleman. They all accepted the offices to which they were elected with great pleasure. Each officer will hold his office for a term of five years. After a week, Mr. Stowell sent in a letter of resignation to the President, who accepted it on account of the letter having good reasons, but he says he will again become a member in the future if nothing happens to him. Mr. Chas. D. Newton was also obliged to resign from the association.

On the 7th inst., at the meeting, Mr. J. W. Nash informed the President that he did not want to be a member any longer. His resignation was accepted with sorrow, and we were sorry to loose such a worthy officer and member. He has done very well as Secretary. All the members wish him every success when he enters a new field of life. His place has been filled by Mr. William Ennis who will act as Secretary *pro tem.* A Vice-President will be elected as soon as possible.

The newly-elected officers have as their worthy object to promote the association and do no harm toward all, suggesting that the deaf-mute societies must be increased in members, if they are to succeed in their objects.

This association was organized over a year ago for the purpose of improving the moral, intellectual, and social qualities of its members, and cultivating feelings of friendship between them and rendering substantial aid to them. It is now in a flourishing condition, and composed of fourteen members.

DUCK QUILL.

FANWOOD, Oct., 15, '81.

FROM HIERONYMUS.

A Shot Here and There.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Variegated and Spiced Paragraphs.

Hallo, Punchinello! you're a phunny fellow, though we don't recollect ever having known you before.

The green bag carried about by that "Jolly Old Crow" is typical of too many *airs*.

The general opinion of those, who have to "guess," is that the item in the "Itemizer" of the JOURNAL of the 6th inst., referring to "Hieronymus," was written by a person who can hear.

"Mignon" says H. W. (who is otherwise probably known as Mr. "***") is "death on picnics." She forgot to add *and parties, too.*

"Did God make the Dictionary?" was what one of the little girls at the Institution lately asked her teacher.

A large part of the resident teachers at the Institution have formed a "Periodical Club."

Prof. Pratt has resigned from the corps of teachers, and his place has been filled by Prof. Hitchcock, formerly of the girls' department. Mrs. Snyder has thus been transferred to the girls' side, leaving no body in charge of her class in articulation.

It is said Miss Garret's new Day School (articulation) has already eighteen or twenty pupils.

One of the tiniest plum puddings of the girls' department recently commanded one of the teachers in this fashion: "Thou shalt chapel."

Some of the new pupils at the Institution can already spell "vaccination." They got *it* on their arms. The big word went into their head but came out of their fingers' ends.

There are 52 new boys and 24 new girls in the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institution, making a total number of pupils, viz: 172 boys and 144 girls. Among the new boys, besides the one who has but one arm, there is one who has but one foot and hobbles about on a crutch, and still another boy, the greatest genius Judge —— ever saw or "heard tell of," who (we mean the boy) has one eye of a light blue and the other of a light hazel tint, and both eyes not quite half a mile apart "in the bargain."

Rev. Mr. Mann was in town lately. He addressed the CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION last Thursday, on his church work among the deaf "out west." He spoke of the enthusiasm shown by some deaf-mutes who had gone as far as one hundred, and, in some cases, two hundred miles to *see* him preach. Mr. Mann has a wife, who is a semi-mute, who lost her hearing at the age of three years, but who was educated outside of an institution for the deaf and dumb. Mrs. Mann was not with her reverend husband during his short visit to this city; but we were told by no less a person than the reverend gentleman himself, that she is considered by those who have seen her to be the best lip-reader in the country.

To *Arms*, to *Arms!* take your silent flight,
And prove, contending, whether this is right.

"La Pierre House," Broad street, near Chestnut, has been, for months past, going through a process of "reconstruction." Three stories have lately been thrown on top, making it altogether nine stories high—

"Oh, sons of earth, attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?".

When the *piling* and *reconstruction* is done, the structure will be part of its towering next-door neighbor, "Hotel Lafayette," under which name the two hotels will be known.

The *Record* is a popular one-cent paper of this city, and has a daily circulation of 80,000 copies. The proprietor is building a new office on Chestnut street, next the the New Post Office. The new *Record* building will be six stories high with a massive granite front, and when completed, it is said, will be the most imposing newspaper office in the city, not excepting the *Ledger* and *Times* offices. The new *Record* building is already two stories high, and though it took an immense block of granite 16 feet long to span the top of one of its windows, the structure, when completed, will only appear like a "baby elephant" alongside its "mammy," the New Post Office. The latter is almost as imposing as the Capitol at Washington. We've seen both, and know of what we speak.

"Bella L," we presume, wouldn't give the world to know whether there is really such a wealthy old widower of 50 as "J. M. L.," who sent her one of the most gushing love letters on record, and who described her to his most humble and obedient servant, Hieronymus, as "the young lady who wore a dark blue silk dress with painted flowers on it, at the Harrisburg Convention." Those College Boys, in league with Hieronymus, are supposed to be at the bottom of a mean joke; and we protest, but all in vain.

Wonders will never cease. One of the new male pupils in the Pennsylvania Institution was struck by lightning. He is a "semi-mute" of about fourteen summers and probably as many winters.

In the way of passenger transportation, Philadelphia is not to fall behind the times.

The latest projects on foot is to *run a bill through the members* of city councils, permitting the erection of an elevated railway. Then there is a company, distinct of organization, which means business and is willing to pay $60,000 per square or $600,000 per mile in the building of a double railway tunnel throughout the entire length of Broad Street. And then still, as if the thousands of street cars, "Herdic coaches" and cabs were all played out, it is proposed to introduce sixty or seventy "London Hansom" cabs. The fare of which will be twenty-five cents.

The telegraph wires on Market Street are being buried, and when the electric lights shall turn night into patented moonlight, oh, what a sea of glory we shall swim in! for then we shall be skimming along in the heavens above, on earth beneath or through holes under the earth.

If you press the thumb of your right hand under your chin and wriggle your fingers instead of wiping the chin off you will have the new sign for "city"; and if you draw the same thumb half way around the front part of your neck from ear to ear with your fingers extended as if they had a cramp in them, and as if you intended to cut your throat with your thumb-nails, you will have the new sign for "country" according to the new fashioned chirology of the Pennsylvania Institution *young* Misses. These two *æsthetic* signs have given rise to many debates among those who use them as to whether the city is worse than the country. Let this settle that:—

"In the country you're nailed, like a pale in the park,
To some *stick* of a neighbour that's crammed in the ark;
And 'tis odds, if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,
You reach death ere the doctor can reach you from town."

* * * * * *

"In the country, how sprightly our visits we make
Through ten miles of mud, for Formality's sake!
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in our head but a ditch or a bog."

"In the town the spirits are cheerful and light,
All places are gay and all faces are bright;
We've ever new joys, and, revived by each whim,
Each day on a fresh tide of pleasure we swim."

* * * * * *

"Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves, if they please;
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves, Oh! a good grove of chimneys for me!"

"In the country, if Cupid should find a man out,
The poor tortured victim mopes hopeless about;
But in the town, thank Heaven! our peace is secure,
Where for one eye to kill there's a thousand to cure."

"I know love's a devil, too subtle to spy,
That shoots through the soul from the beam of an eye;
But in the town these devils so quick fly about
That a new devil still drives an old devil out."

HIERONYMUS.

PHILADELPHIA, 10-11-1881.

South Carolina Institution Notes.

Last spring, the trustees ordered a portrait of Rev. N. P. Walker, the deceased founder of the South Carolina Institution, to be painted for the School. It has since been finished, and is a finely executed job, performed by Mr. Albert Guerry, one of the best artists of the South. The portrait was copied from a picture taken, and is about life sized. At present it is hung up in the parlor.

Gen. Eaton, the United States Commissioner of Education, was a guest of the Institution for several days last summer. While here, he seemed to enjoy keenly the quiet of this place and gave himself up to sleep and rest.

The General remembers a great many professors and teachers of deaf-mutes in the United States; said many things about the National Deaf-Mute College, and gave us an amusing account of the Emperor of Brazil's visit to the above said college. He said that when the emperor was presented to old Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet the latter's noble and venerable appearance so touched his heart that a tear appeared in his eye, but he tried to dash it away unseen with the fore finger.

Although nine years had elapsed since the writer last saw Mr. Eaton at Kendall Green, yet the latter recognized him instantly.

Mr. W. B. Lathrop, who was one of the most powerful batters of the Kendall B. B. C. in the pioneer days, is here, and from the appearance of things, he is to become our foreman to teach the boys the trade of printing.

Mrs. D. S. Rogers' mother and sister, Miss E. J. Israel, of the Kansas Institution, spent two months with her. Mr. Rogers took them to the numerous springs, groves and glens in the vicinity; and spent some days at Saluda, N. C., on the summit of the Blue Ridge. Miss Israel seemed to be fascinated with this section of the country.

Mr. Boose, a German, has been laying out drives and walks in the Institution grounds for the past three weeks, and is having the ground plowed, harrowed, and fertilized, preparatory to grass seed sowing.

A number of negroes are at work, digging out the stumps.

The halls and rooms of the Institution look clean on account of a fresh coat of paint they received during the past vacation.

The Board of Trustees at their meeting accepted the resignation of Miss Ida Walker, a teacher in the Blind Department and formerly in the Deaf and Dumb. Miss Walker is now the wife of Mr. Thomason, a fine young gentleman and one of the rising lawyers of Spartanburgh. Their wedding came off on the 15th ult., and was elegant and sensible. Some fine silver presents were given the couple.

After a refreshment, they took the train for Hendersonville, N. C., a resort in the mountains.

Prof. J. N. Hughston has joined the Spartanburgh Chess Club. In a chess tournament that took place some time ago at Spartanburg, Mr. H. acquitted himself so well that he won compliments from the best players. It may be news to the readers of the JOURNAL that a mute can play chess with a blind person easily. Mr. North, our music professor, has a chess board and a set of chess men adapted to the blind's use, constructed by himself which show much ingenuity.

School opens to-day and pupils continue to arrive.

The following is clipped from the *Sunny South*:

"We miss the brightest space in the *Sunny South* Office—that of our girl book-keeper, Miss Ella Groom. She is deaf-mute, but really she has little use for tongue, so eloquent are her eyes, her mobile mouth, her pretty hands—even her shoulders. She is quick as the comet and twice as bright—a sunny social spirit, yet a faithful worker, and has fairly earned her little holiday. She has gone to Athens to be the guest of Miss Dearing, a sister-in-law of Hon. Emory Speer. Miss Dearing is also a deaf-mute—a highly accomplished lady, who was educated at the North. Our Ella is a graduate of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Cave Spring, Ga. By the way it may not be generally known that the wife of the inventor of the telephone—Mrs. Bell—and the wife of the inventor of the telegraph—Mrs. Morse—were both deaf-mutes. Mrs Morse was a lovely woman, and it is due to her influence that Amos Kendall, formerly Postmaster-General, gave so liberally to the Deaf-Mute College, at Washington City. When Professor Morse was trying to introduce his patent for the telegraph, Mr. Kendall became so much interested in him, and felt such sympathy for his wife, that he determined to found a college for the benefit of those who labor under a similar disability." D. S. R.

Oct. 5, 1881.

FROM CHICAGO.

Mr. and Mrs. Champion L. Buchan, of Rockford, were in Chicago some time ago. Champion makes beds and bureaus for the world, and seems to place no faith in the oft-quoted saying:

"Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins."

A Chicago evening paper gave an account of three higwaymen assaulting and robbing one Charles A. De Motte, a deaf-mute hailing from St. Louis. The night prowlers found the mute burdened with $37.75 and a shining stud, and agreed among themselves to do a little charitable work by relieving him of these burdens.

Miss Cora Gunn, of Buda, Ill., a graduate of the Illinois Mute School, is visiting relatives in Chicago.

It is reported that Miss Hattie Barton, of Morgan Park, (a Chicago Suburb), has gone East on a visit. She was formerly an assistant matron, and has a deaf-mute sister named Clara.

Miss Doyle, formerly of St. Louis, is at present employed in the family of Mrs. Howard, 2240 Indiana Ave.

Mr. R. W. Gilchrist and Mrs. Mollie Nisonger, of Lincoln, Ill., brother and sister of Mrs. J. E. Gallagher, have been in Chicago this month, visiting the latter.

It is reported that one Hoggarth, a mute connected with a kind of Humpty Dumpty Combination, was robbed on the streets of Chicago the other night.

There are two deaf-mute ladies employed in the Mammoth Dry Goods house of Marshall Field & Co. Their names are Misses Mollie Buel and Eva Marshall, the latter being a semi-mute.

J. E. G.

Philadelphia Paragraphs.

To-day is the commencement of the celebration at Yorktown, and will continue till the 21st.

It is expected that Mr. John R. Lewis will read a historical sketch of the surrender of Lord Cronwallis at Yorktown before the Lyceum next Wednesday evening.

Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet officiated the Holy Communion in St. Stephen's P. E. Church for the deaf-mutes yesterday morning, and the services were performed by him and Rev. Mr. Syle in the afternoon. A large number of deaf-mutes were seen there.

A child of Mrs. William (?) Purvis got his left shoulder scalded by careless throwing of hot water out of the window of their neighboring house. Speedy recovery is our desire.

The literary exercises were appreciated in the room of the Young Mens' Christian Association, by the Chirological Lyceum before a small number of mute visitors besides its members last Wednesday, October 12th, as follows: Criticism, by the writer; Dialogue, by Messrs. Stubbs and Wilson on "Rain;" Referred Question: "Which is the highest mountain in the world?" with a brief description, by Mr. Sharrar, Mt. Himalayas, (29,000 feet high and is situated between China and India, etc.); Debate, Resolved that the traffic on intoxicating liquors is a work of necessity or a work of charity. Aff., The writer and Mr. Oakes, and on the Negative side Messrs. Zeigler and Sharrar were the debators. As the result of the decision by three Judges, it was decided a tie on both sides.

"Peace" is O.K.

The Chirological Lyceum received a a letter from Hon. James G. Blaine, and it will be framed and hung up in the room of the Y. M. C. A. according to the wishes of that Association.

A JOLLY OLD CROW.

Visit to the MacKay Institution.

MR. EDITOR:—I, being a graduate of the MacKay Institution, Montreal, I thought I would write a short account of my visit at the Institution last month. I enjoyed the boat ride very much. The scenery going down Lake St. Francis is very picturesque, especially going down Lachine Rapids. There is something very grand in it. I found the Institution in a flourishing condition under the management of the Principal, Mr. Widd. There are none of my old schoolmates at the Institution now, but James McClelland, who has charge of the printing office, and John Macnaughton. We enjoyed ourselves very much in talking over old times.

I visited the Catholic Deaf and Dumb Institution at Mile End. I was met by the Principal, Rev. A. Belanger, who kindly took me over all the Institution and workshops. They have every trade they need to learn. They started a splendid workshop, but is not completed yet. They have an articulation class and the pupils are not allowed to use the sign-language, but converse by talking. I had the pleasure of taking dinner with the principal and teachers, and on the whole the management and teaching in that Institution seem to be prosperous. I visited the exhibition. I saw many wonderful things there. It was a great success. I enjoyed it very much.

Mr. Macnaughton and I had the curiosity to visit the S. S. "Parisian." It is the most beautiful shop we ever saw in Montreal.

When I was returning, the two boats "Bohemian" and "St. Francis" had quite a collison. The St. Francis was somewhat injured but not very much, but it caused quite an excitement on the boats, but I reached home safely.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, I have not encroached too much on your most excellent paper, I remain a friend and well wishers of all deaf-mutes.

JAMES OUTTERSON.

ATHELSTANE, CANADA, Oct. 13, '81.

Bad Advice.

Nothing is more remarkable in connection with the liquor question, than the officious readiness of unprofessional people to recommend something that has "the drunk" in it to their friends and neighbors, as a remedy for every imaginable complaint or disorder. No matter what one's trouble is,—headache, indigestion, lame back, corns, languor, nervousness, a sense of fullness, or a sense of "goneness,"—as soon as it is mentioned, some one who makes no pretense to medicial knowledge or skill well tell of bottled porter, or a wine sangaree, or a milk punch, or a spoonful of whiskey, to be taken at mealtime, or in the middle of the forenoon, or before going to bed, as a certain cure for that particular trouble. Persons who would never think of prescribing laudanum, or strychnine, or aconite, or hasheesh, or even spirits of turpentine or croton oil, without asking a physician about it, will speak with the utmost positiveness of the propriety of their pet dose of intoxicating beverages. And the next strangest thing is that so many are fools enough to take such advice—and the liquor which comes with it.

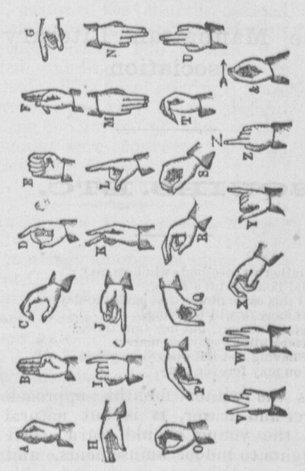
There is trouble enough from physicians' currying popular favor by recommending liquor to thirsty patients; but if drunkards must multiply on the plea of medical necessity, by all means let them go to ruin with a certificate from "regular practitioneer," and not start off for perdition on the advice of their unprofesional aunt, or next door neighbor.—*American Wesleyan.*

At a recent Friday night "experience meeting" in Hartford, a good deacon arose to his feet and related a remarkable dream that he professed to have had. Two brothers met in heaven, and one of them incidentally remarked that he came from earth. The other immediately caught at the idea and remarked with much interest: "Indeed! I also come from earth." He replied: "Is that so? Pray, from what portion of the earth did you come?" He answered: "From the United States of America." The other replied: "Ah! you did? I also come from there. How happy I am to meet you and make your acquaintance. Now pray tell me from which State you come." He replied: "I came from the good old State of Connecticut—the land of steady habits." More interested than ever, he exclaimed: "Is it possible! If you will believe me, I also came from that State." Here he proceeded to inquire further. "Excuse me; but may I ask further, from what place in Connecticut you came?" "Certainly," he replied; "I came from Hartford." More astonished still, he exclaimed: "How strange! Why I came from there too, and lived there during all my sojourn on earth, and yet we never made each other's acquaintance." The inquiry then arose: "With what particular church in that city were you connected?" He answered: "With the Rev——'s church." "Astonished? Is it possible? I was a member of that same church, and yet we never became acquainted or even spoke with each other." The two brethren implored each other's forgiveness and asked God to help them to set aside earthly distinctions and to live more in the fellowship of the Spirit of Christian brotherhood.

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